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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XIV. No. 348 (New Series) SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1937 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE main theatre of the Spanish war this week has been in London. It seemed on Tuesday that the curtain was coming down with a bump on the tragic farce of Non-Intervention, but the surprising statement of Count Grandi on Wednesday has again postponed an open breakdown. The chances of any real withdrawal coming from these proposals are discussed in our leading article. In Spain itself there is no change in the military situation, except in the North-West, where the rebel forces are closing in on Gijon. The Asturians have put up a desperate defence for many weeks, but they are now at their last gasp, and there are reports, as we write, of fighting in the streets of the town. The capture of Gijon will leave Franco master of the whole Biscayan coast, and will enable him to throw another formidable army into the attack on the Aragon and Madrid fronts. That has no doubt been taken into account by Mussolini in devising the new policy which has caused such elation in the Non-Intervention Committee.

From China to Brussels

The advance of the Japanese in the North has been checked in the past week; nor have their furious efforts on the Shanghai front gained them any ground. In Shansi province large Japanese forces, numbering as many as 50,000 men, it is said, are in danger of being cut off by the Chinese Red Army. "Frightfulness" from the air continues unabated, though there have been no recent reports of mass-slaughter of non-combatants. The Conference of the Nine Powers at Brussels still hangs fire; nor is anyone sanguine about its results when it does meet. The Japanese have already said that they will not listen to proposals for "mediation," and they presumably mean it—unless, of course, what is proposed is a peace on terms that would mean an outrageous mutilation of China. And that, even if the Western Powers were to try to force her into it, China would not accept. The policy which Sir Samuel Hoare once boasted so loudly of, "steady and collective resistance to aggression," has become in Spain, as we have seen, surreptitious collective assistance to the aggressor. It is possible that we may even yet see the same thing happening in the Far East. But at present the most probable outcome of the Brussels Conference is more pious sentiments, appeals to reason and virtue, and a decision to take no steps to check Japan.

Plight of the Chinese Universities

Not the least deplorable result of the Japanese invasion is the damage it has done to the Chinese Universities.

By the beginning of October, 14 universities and colleges, with a membership of over 8,000 students, had been bombed and more or less wrecked. Besides these there were another 42 institutions (with 19,000 students) which were unable to open owing to military operations. Those figures relate to the area between Peking and Shanghai, which contains from 60 to 80 per cent. of the Chinese student population. Many of these are in the condition of refugees, trekking southwards in all haste. The latest news shows that the southern universities, those in Canton, Foochow and elsewhere, are also being attacked. There seems to be no doubt that all this savagery is deliberate; the universities play an important role in the unification of China, and the hatred which the Japanese militarists feel for them has never been concealed. The Chinese authorities and students are making a gallant effort to combine the provision of direct relief with the maintenance of a skeleton form of university life—and they need all the help they can get from abroad. It is hoped that sympathisers in this country will contribute generously to the fund which is being organised by the International Student Service. Donations should be sent to Professor Ernest Barker, Chinese Universities Relief Fund, 40 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

Panic in Wall Street

Hopes of active American intervention in foreign affairs are diminished by the unfortunate circumstance that public opinion in the States is increasingly engrossed by the domestic troubles of Wall Street. With share values, despite the mid-week rally, reduced since August by 40 per cent., steel activity down by a third, and business generally decelerating with disquieting rapidity, American citizens are concerned less to know what the Government is going to do about China than to ask what Mr. Roosevelt intends to do about America. So far, Washington has watched the slump in silence and with apparent unconcern; indeed, it is being freely said in New York that the President is by no means averse from having a mild depression this winter, so that he can stage another inflationary "recovery" in nice time for the next election campaign. But if the trade set-back worsens, Mr. Roosevelt can hardly remain impassive. Rumours of a gigantic armaments programme lack confirmation, and there are no signs yet of a reversal of the present retrenchment policy with regard to Treasury expenditure on works. The alternative course—abandonment of the war on privately owned utilities, repeal of the taxes on capital profits and so forth—would be a bitter pill for the New Dealers. Between his sociological inclinations and his election interests, President Roosevelt is in a pretty dilemma.

The State of Palestine

The escape of the Grand Mufti from Jerusalem adds to the already grave difficulties of the Government in Palestine. It is highly improbable that the French will want him, or allow him, to stay in Syria. He may take refuge, it is said, in Egypt or in Italy. One thing is certain; wherever he goes he will make trouble. Meanwhile, lawlessness and sporadic outrages continue in Palestine, and the police and military have been working overtime at hunting down terrorists, searching for hidden arms, and blowing up houses on retributive principles. These measures are a lamentable task for the Mandatory Power to be engaged in, and some of them are hard to defend at all. But the task itself cannot be shirked, or the last state of Palestine will be worse than the first. The Italian and German newspapers have eagerly seized the opportunity to make anti-British capital out of it. Police measures are exaggerated into stupendous atrocities; the Palestinian Government is accused of encouraging Jews to kill Arabs; Great Britain, we are told, is setting the whole Moslem world ablaze. The *Popolo d'Italia*—Satan rebuking sin—preaches a sermon to "the Anglican prelates and the democratic press" on the horrors of this "Neo-Herodianism." We may laugh at such fantastic nonsense; but it has its serious side. Behind it the real incendiaries, in Rome and Berlin, continue to fan the flames of nationalism and sedition among the Arab peoples—not because they care a rap for the Arab peoples, but in pursuit of their own expansionist purposes.

The Australian Elections

The refusal of dockers at Fremantle, the electorate of the Labour Opposition leader, Mr. John Curtin, to load a Japanese ship, throws into sharp relief the conflict between the "collective security" attitude of industrial Labour in Australia and the "isolationism" of the political Labour leaders. Mr. Curtin and his men are fighting the Federal Election, polling day for which is October 23rd, on a "keep Australia out of war" policy, which inevitably involves a mistrust of the League of Nations. The official Trade Union movement, partly through the agitation of the Communists—whose influence has increased considerably in recent years—has just reversed its isolationist policy in favour of collective security, sanctions, and world Trade Union unity. But the split between political and industrial Labour is not so deep as appears on the surface; both are based on the same thing—a deep distrust of the British National Government. Some members of the Australian Labour Party suspect the League because they naively think that the British Government supports it. The A.L.P's. aim is to keep Australia free from any military commitments overseas, except in so far as they are approved by a majority of the whole people in a popular referendum. And Labour wants a big Australian-controlled Air Force, to be made the senior service, as opposed to Mr. Lyons's plan of co-operating fully with the British Admiralty by means of a bigger and better Navy.

Italy's Capital Levy

Italy's public finances have been for some years now a mystery; for it is impossible to make any sense of recent budgetary figures. It is, however, plain enough that the State has incurred very big deficits, which have been met by borrowing, and that "voluntary" borrowing, even when reinforced by Fascist indirect compulsion, has reached its limits. The latest device for raising additional revenue to finance Signor Mussolini's little wars is a capital levy on the authorised capital and reserves of all joint stock concerns at a rate of 10 per cent. Certain exemptions for small businesses and on account of "voluntary" contributions to past loans lower the effective rate; but the new levy is said to be designed to yield about £65,000,000, spread over the next three or four years. Such a sum, if it is to be paid in cash, can

hardly be found except by borrowing from the banks; and, as far as it is so paid, the levy is inflationary. But there is also a provision enabling companies to make payment in their own shares and bonds; and to the extent to which this is done the cash yield of the tax will be diminished, and the State will tend to become part-owner of a host of business enterprises.

The New Plan for Cotton

The Joint Committee of Cotton Trade Organisations has produced its long-awaited scheme for the restoration of the cotton industry. In general, the underlying idea is that of invoking State aid without submitting to State control. The industry is to take measures to reorganise itself, section by section; but the State will assume the power, already assumed to a small extent in the Acts dealing with weavers' wages and the elimination of surplus spindles, to apply compulsion to recalcitrant minorities. The preparation of schemes is to be entrusted entirely to a Cotton Industry Board representing the various sections of the industry, including the merchants; and on this Board Labour is to have three representatives. An Advisory Committee of three persons appointed by the Board of Trade and not connected with the industry will review the C.I.B.'s proposals; and the Board of Trade, acting on the advice of this committee, is to be empowered to place the C.I.B.'s proposals before Parliament, in such a way that they will become enforceable unless they are vetoed by either House. This, in effect, is not a scheme of reorganisation, but, like the scheme put forward by the steel trade some years ago, a mere legal framework into which schemes of reorganisation can be fitted as they are devised and accepted by the industry itself. Like the steel scheme, the new proposal aims at protecting the trade from State control; but, unlike the steel scheme, it brings in the authority of Parliament to coerce the inevitable reluctant minority of Lancashire individualists.

More Apprentices on Strike

The strikes of apprentices in the engineering trades are still spreading to new centres; and this week there have been important stoppages in both Leeds and London. It is true that the engineering employers have at last recognised in principle the right of the Trade Unions to negotiate on behalf of the apprentices; but it has still to be settled how far this right is to extend, and what form it is to take. Meanwhile, the apprentices are seriously dissatisfied with the small wage advances made to them by a considerable number of firms since the troubles began, and are seeking to insist on a minimum advance of 3*s.* a week as against the 1*s.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* graded advance which has been widely given. The latest strikes, like those in Glasgow and Lancashire during the summer, are unofficial, and have not received the sanction of the Trade Unions—to which indeed a very large proportion of the apprentices do not belong. It clearly behoves the Employers' Federation to come speedily to an agreement with the Trade Unions for the establishment of regular negotiating machinery for the main body of apprentice labour, including methods of ensuring that young workers who are supposed to be getting an all-round competence at their trades shall not be used as a source of cheap labour supply on uneducational repetition work.

Saving Rural England

The conference called last week-end by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England had little good to say of the past five years' operation of the Town and Country Planning Act. In too many cases the permissive powers given to local authorities have not been used at all; in others they have been exercised—e.g., by planning committees in charge of housing schemes—with a minimum of regard for aesthetic standards. The formation of "green belts" has been impeded by the fact that, whereas compensation to landlords for dispossession is always exacted, it has proved impossible to collect, as contemplated in the Act, payment by landlords for betterment accrued. The conference adopted a resolution urging the Government to strengthen the powers of local authorities; but it is doubtful whether an effective check can be imposed on the butchering of rural amenities by the speculative builder and the unplanned sprawl of factories so long as the cost of saving the countryside falls on the rates. Mere sterilisation of belts of country round cities is no complete solution. There is a strong case for a national planning authority armed with State, not local, funds.

A Great Scientist

Lord Rutherford, the greatest experimental physicist of our time, was a fine representative of the British empirical tradition which dislikes mathematical finesse and mental subtlety and sees in phenomena the consequences of a simple physical model. Rutherford's genius had nothing to do with intellectual brilliance; it was an insight born of years of enthusiastic concentration on special problems and of sheer love of discovery. Research was a game in which he never lost his schoolboy joy, and it was results that mattered. His daughter once asked her chemistry teacher, "If I guess the result, will you let me off the experiment?" Rutherford's insight let him off many unnecessary experiments. As Faraday's task was to provide visual models for electrical actions in space, Rutherford's was to do the same for matter—to explore the facts of radio activity and atomic structure and to interpret them in terms of simple particles. To help him in this he built up and dominated an unequalled school of workers at the Cavendish Laboratory, who have recently begun to attack the atomic nucleus. It is a sign of Rutherford's greatness that he not only influenced empiricists like himself, but inspired Bohr to his theoretical work on the atom, which provided the basis for modern quantum mechanics. Quantum Theory in fact springs directly from Rutherford's work, but just as this theory seems sometimes to be rejecting Rutherford's particles, so Rutherford had little liking for its mathematical abstractions. Indeed he said once: "Leave philosophy to Scotchmen, and mathematics to the Continentals; they're better at it." Later he inevitably gave his vigorous backing to the Academic Assistance Council, and so helped to bring many Continental talents to enrich British Science. No picture would be complete without mention of the burly physique of his New Zealand farmer stock, his primitive and boisterous cheerfulness, and a rough downrightness of speech—features in refreshing contrast to the academic background.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 *Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.*1.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1*d.; Foreign,* 1½*d.; Canada,* 1*d.*

MUSSOLINI'S MOVE

WHAT is the significance of Count Grandi's new proposals in the Non-Intervention Committee? Has the leopard changed his spots? Were points of view that seemed irreconcilable on Tuesday resolved in harmony on Wednesday? Are we soon to see the foreign legions march out of Spain?

It would be naive to think so. From the point of view of the Spanish people the situation may indeed be rather worse than better. For Italy's new proposals, like her past proposals, involve a further indefinite period of delay in which men and munitions may, in spite of problematic supervision, continue to reach Franco, while the democratic Powers adhere to non-intervention and even perhaps exercise a stricter control over the French frontier than has been in operation since the withdrawal of observers.

On Tuesday Count Grandi tried to gain time by a number of tricks of procedure, but met with a considerable show of firmness on the part of Mr. Eden and the French. Italy and Germany were then faced with the prospect that the curtain would finally ring down on the Non-Intervention Committee that had so long served their purpose. In that case the frontier would be opened and a regular and adequate supply of munitions would presumably flow to the Spanish Government and Franco's demands upon an already bankrupt Italy would be proportionately increased. It was time for a new Italian move.

The new proposals involve no serious concession on Italy's part. In the first place token withdrawals are accepted. These, Italy insists, should be of equal not of proportionate numbers. As the number of foreigners now surviving to fight against Franco is at most a fifth of the number of foreigners fighting for him, the advantage of the proposal to Franco and its inequity to the Spanish Government are obvious. In the second place a Commission is to be appointed to go to Spain to ascertain the number of foreign troops fighting on either side. This Commission is theoretically to be entrusted at some time with actual supervision and arrangements for the withdrawal of foreign troops. But the time is indefinitely in the future. The members of the Commission have first to be chosen and accepted by the Governments at Valencia and Salamanca. Franco may make this a short or a long process as he likes. Once in Spain the Commission has the difficult task of counting non-Spanish heads. On the Government side this is likely to be easily done, because the Government wants the withdrawal of foreign troops. But the task of taking a census of Italian and German soldiers if Franco is not anxious to facilitate the process will certainly be lengthy, and may be impossible. The Commission would need on the most optimistic forecast at least two or three months for its delicate task. Has it occurred to anyone that if the Italian and German Governments were genuinely anxious for the withdrawal of foreign troops, the whole of this cumbersome procedure could be short-circuited by telephone conversations with Berlin and Rome, where the exact numbers of foreign troops on Franco's side are no doubt accurately recorded?

Nor does this end the possibilities of delay in the Italian scheme. It is by no means easy to tell from Count Grandi's remarks just what procedure is to be adopted when the numbers are ascertained and agreed upon. Belligerent rights in Italy's scheme are to be granted to Franco at some point when it is judged—by the Non-Intervention Committee?—that a sufficient withdrawal has taken place.

Analysis therefore suggests that Mussolini has made no concessions that he need regret. On the contrary, he has once again bought off France and prevented the opening of the frontier. That he himself intends serious withdrawal before ensuring Franco's victory is difficult to believe. Only three weeks ago, Señor Negrin, the Spanish Prime Minister, informed the League Assembly that he had full information about a large and elaborately equipped Italian expedition ready to invade Spain. And it is perhaps significant that the Italian troops that have arrived in Spain in the last few weeks are reported to come with full winter equipment. It seems a safe prophecy in the circumstances that proposals optimistically heralded in some quarters as the beginning of better things for Spain will in fact prove the prelude to a more intensive assault upon the already hard-pressed Spanish people.

So far, so bad. But there remains one important point from which we may perhaps legitimately wring a drop of comfort. During the last few weeks Mussolini's cynicism had become complete. He had dropped those decent veils of hypocrisy which are the tribute that vice pays to virtue. When Basque independence was destroyed he openly congratulated the troops whose existence in Spain he was still officially denying. His defiance of Britain and France had at length become blatant. That he has changed his tune again; that he should be willing even to seem to make a diplomatic withdrawal and think it worth while to prolong the agony of non-intervention suggests that his hand may not be quite as strong as his friends suggest.

It is too easily assumed that Mussolini's reassumption of the garment of hypocrisy is the result of serious pressure from England and France. But Berlin may have played an effective part. Mussolini's visit to Germany was not the success that propaganda painted it. The Reichswehr would have nothing to say to a military alliance with Italy, and Hitler, it is credibly reported, had intimated to Mussolini that he could gamble, with full German support, up to the point of war, but that he would be unwise to rely on Germany if he let matters go too far. Therefore, since the risks of war are greater if the frontier is open, and the better chance from Mussolini's point of view is a victory for Franco while the frontier is closed and discussion is continued, the advantages of further delaying tactics are obvious. Finally, Mussolini, with a vast drain on his resources in Africa and with projects of occupation and fortification afoot in all parts of the Mediterranean, has not been able to avoid admitting financial weakness. The sudden imposition of a capital levy after a long period of deflation and high taxation is a serious and significant step. No, the true verdict on Mussolini's latest move is that the proposals themselves are only another bid for time, during which he hopes to help Franco to victory; but the fact that he thought it worth while to advance such proposals shows that he fears an open breach, and that he might, if more seriously pressed by Britain and France, be compelled to withdraw in fact as well as on paper.

THROUGH FRENCH EYES

FRANCE to-day reminds one of old Sisyphus. Sweating and panting, and swearing she'll do it this time, she rolls uphill the stone of her determination not to tolerate any more nonsense from Mussolini; and then, at the last moment, the stone catches on something, and back it rolls again. The performance has been particularly interesting to observe during the last month or so.

M. Delbos, who for over a year had been the most determined supporter of non-intervention "at almost any price," began to speak a different language at Nyon and at Geneva. One of the grimmest opponents of the non-intervention swindle at Geneva told me that he had been quite astounded to see "how greatly Delbos had improved." The truth is that Delbos went to Nyon and Geneva after exhaustive conversations with members of the French general staff, who had told him that the whole situation was becoming intolerable.

For months before Delbos used to say to the critics of his non-intervention policy that there were "limits" which he would not allow the Fascist Powers to transgress. He did not say what precisely these limits were, but he would refer to France's freedom of shipping in the Mediterranean, to the Balearics and to Morocco. All of which meant in effect that non-intervention might be violated for all he cared, provided it did not affect France's immediate interests. To-day, whether some of her people like it or not, it has become essential to her that the Spanish Government should not be defeated. The pleasant argument so frequently used in high quarters in London that Spain will never, in the long run, submit to any kind of foreign domination, is considered here to be completely irrelevant; a victorious Franco might well get rid of the Italians "in the long run"; but what certainty is there that they will not be his bosses—or at least his allies—during the next critical two or three years?

At Nyon M. Delbos took a strong line, and Mr. Eden supported him—"perhaps," as a French observer remarked, "because, for once, he was far away from Downing Street." Encouraged by the salutary effect of Nyon (for Italy felt for the first time that she had met with some resistance; and the agreement was enough to stop as if by magic the activities of the "unknown" submarines), Delbos stuck to his "firmer" policy at Geneva. In the discussion on the Draft Resolution on Spain, he assured Senor del Vayo that in the view of the French Government the words "near future" meant "not more than ten days," and that if a satisfactory reply from Italy were not received within that time, the French Government would at once take a decision on the question of continuing non-intervention.

That was three days before the dispatch of the Anglo-French Note inviting Italy to a three-Power talk. By the time Mussolini's reply had come, Delbos's "ten days" were up. In the interval French opinion was, for once, becoming worked up by Mussolini's delaying tactics. No doubt, the press of the Right, up till then very polite to Delbos, was now thoroughly annoyed with him, and a number of papers attributed Delbos's attitude at Geneva to the devilish machinations of Blum who, they said, had rushed to Geneva straight from Prague in order to bully the life out of him. But on the Thursday, two days before the Italian reply, I found an altogether new atmosphere in Paris. People of every variety were becoming really impatient. In the Chamber lobbies that day I heard on all sides: "*nous en avons assez. Il se fout de nous.*" And the people who were saying this were not Communists and Socialists, but quiet, peaceful Radicals, and people of the Centre—in fact everybody except a few ideological maniacs who wanted Franco to win at any price. For the first time I heard Frenchmen—and these were not Communists or Socialists either—say that the General Staff had had enough of it, and that France might have to send 50,000 men to Spain "to clean up the mess and chuck the Italians out," after which the Spaniards could fight it out among themselves. It was assumed that if Mussolini's reply was no good (and it was bound to be no good) the frontier into Republican Spain would be opened to armaments at once.

As if to show that it also had had "enough of it," and that something new was going to begin, the French Government decided on the Friday to recall Herbette, the French Ambassador to Spain, who, from his headquarters at St. Jean-de-Luz, had all the time been entertaining friendly relations with the Rebels. Perhaps, as the press of the Right claimed, M. Herbette was really trying to serve France by not burning the bridges between her and the "future Spain"; but the French Government's decision that the new Ambassador was to be stationed at Valencia, and not at St. Jean-du-Luz, was a gesture of some political significance.

Such was the position in Paris just before Mussolini's reply. And when the reply came it was said that it was just as bad as it was expected to be; and even the Right press described it as "very disappointing, though not closing the door to further talks."

Then some curious things happened. M. Corbin, the French Ambassador in London, had been clearly made to understand that Britain would "support" the opening of the French frontier. Only, the Italian Note had come on a Saturday, and it was better to wait and discuss the details of what was to be done after Mr. Eden's return to London. "Two or three days' delay won't do any harm," they said at the Quai d'Orsay. And if, in the Cabinet, several Ministers thought that British support for opening the frontier was assured, and that it was no use wasting any more time, M. Chautemps was in favour of "making sure," and of having another talk with London. How great was the faith in British support may be seen from the fact that on that Monday several members of the French Government were pressing hard for an Anglo-French occupation of Minorca, or at any rate for a joint Anglo-French naval patrol which would prevent the Italians from occupying that vital strategic point on the main sea route to North Africa.

The arguments for opening the frontier were quite simple: first, it was important to show Mussolini that France and Britain had decided to act and were not going to give way to his impertinent note. Secondly, it was vital to prevent Mussolini from winning the war in Spain before the winter. If the war dragged on—as it would, once the Spanish Government had been well supplied with armaments—he might give up Spain as a bad job, and become more reasonable; all the more so as, with growing economic difficulties at home and trouble in Abyssinia, he would scarcely be able to carry on indefinitely with his Spanish adventure. The comments on the subject in the Italian press contained the usual threats; but they also betrayed unmistakable nervousness; for instance when they whined that the extent of Italian intervention was being grossly exaggerated. Only the French, and especially M. Chautemps, did not want to act in any way independently. It was suggested that the frontier should be opened, with Britain formally associating herself with this step, that is, by also restoring her normal commercial relations with the Spanish Government, "in order to restore the non-intervention balance"—which meant in effect that arms could henceforth be sold to the Republic, but not to Franco.

In spite of earlier assurances given to the French, London changed its mind on October 12th, and it was decided to give the Non-Intervention Committee another chance. "Another disastrous day," a French observer remarked. But M. Chautemps, completely unwilling to take any decision without full British support, acquiesced. To save their faces, the French began to haggle about "time limits"; but this did not mean much. Mussolini had again got away with it: his ironical suggestion that it would be "simpler" to refer the matter to the Non-Intervention Committee was accepted. The fact that he had tried to wreck the Nyon Conference with a similar proposal was forgotten.

The Anglo-French ballet of frozen feet last week has been an immense encouragement to Italy and Germany to intensify

Their blackmail. Blackmail in Libya, blackmail via Palestine and Tunisia and Morocco and Egypt, blackmail everywhere. Without British support France is now less likely than even last week to call the bluff. Is she to resign herself to a victory of Franco and Mussolini, and hope for the best? Only, in that case, M. Herbette was surely not worth sacking. And Mr. Eden and Mr. Elliot should not have sounded so angry with Mussolini; for it gave the French wrong ideas; and has now made them look rather silly. I should hate to be in M. Corbin's shoes.

In the meantime, Guernica is becoming mere child's play compared with what is now happening in Asturias. But that is a different story—except that "frightfulness" is also part of the Italo-German game. "No, rather Franco than even the risk of *that*," many a French rustic must be saying to himself, reading about these horrors in his *Humanité*.

Paris, October 19th. ALEXANDER WERTH

A LONDON DIARY

THE result of Lord Camrose's libel suit against *Action*, its contributor Mr. John Beckett, and its printers the Argus Press, makes me wish that someone would publicly question my patriotism on the ground that I am of Jewish extraction and have "intimate contacts with international Jewish interests." Neither statement would be true, but my wounded feelings would be comfortably salved by an increase of £12,500 in my balance at the bank. To the cynical observer of human nature, an amusing feature of the case was the gusto with which Mr. Beckett declared that the information on which his article had been based was erroneous, and that it contained "two of the deadliest insults" which could be addressed to a man. Would-be dictators cannot afford to make enemies of their associates. Incidentally, I note from a manifesto of the National Socialist League, which Mr. Beckett and Mr. William Joyce founded when they "parted brass rags" with Mosley, that in the organisers' view Sir Oswald owes his injuries at Liverpool to his tactical error in disbanding the "body of fighters" by whom he used to be "unobtrusively accompanied." But to return to the Camrose case, the magnitude of the damages awarded—even in the absence of any proof of "special damage"—seems to me contrary to public policy. The presumption is that the whole of the £20,000 will have to be paid by the Argus Press, whose only fault was that they printed matter supplied by someone else which the Court found to be defamatory. If damages on this scale become the rule, it will soon be difficult for any militant paper to secure either a printer or any insurance cover against libel suits. Little though I sympathise with *Action* or any of Mosley's political activities, there is a real danger lest the award of damages out of all proportion to actual proven injury may end in suppressing the publication of all but the most respectable bourgeois views.

* * *

China at the Crossroads (Faber, 7*s*. 6*d*.) is the tiresome title of the extremely interesting record made by General and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek of the Sian-fu kidnapping incident last December. Chiang was an awkward person to kidnap. He took an embarrassingly high line, lecturing his kidnappers as disobedient children, refusing in the most dignified way to discuss their proposals, and confronting them with a choice between killing him at once and carrying out precisely whatever instructions he, as their prisoner and Commander-in-Chief, laid on them. His captor, Chang Hsueh-liang, explained that he merely wanted to detain Chiang because it seemed the only way of getting him to consider proposals which he and other generals thought vitally important for the well-being of China. Chiang replies that he is ready to die for his country (he repeats this at frequent intervals), but will not argue with rebels. Chang always calls Chiang "Your Excellency" and denies any rebellious intention. Chiang lectures him on the wickedness of kidnapping his Commander-in-Chief. They go on like this in page after page of dialogue—Chang stopping every now and again to sigh because Chiang is so "obstinate," and Chiang, relying on the inspiration of the Bible for guidance and quoting the works of Chinese philosophers to fortify his spirit against a death which he knows quite well his captor will do all he can to prevent him from suffering. According to his own diary and to Madame Chiang Kai-shek's account, the victory was entirely to the Generalissimo. I assume that this account is absolutely correct, but incomplete. For, though Chiang seems to have refused to listen to any proposals offered under duress, it is a fact that after he was set free he actually began to put into effect the terms he so summarily refused to consider. Already in February—as the interviews with the "Red" generals I quoted a few weeks ago show—he had left off wasting his energy and money on fighting the Communist Chinese armies. The reconciliation which has united China behind Chiang was already half achieved before the Japanese invasion completed it. An equally interesting account of the incident from the side of the kidnappers is to be found in *Red Star Over China*, by Edgar Snow, which is the latest Left Book Club choice.

* * *

In a recent review of *The Mutiny at Invergordon* by Lieut.-Commander Edwards, in this journal, Commander Pursey, who had some personal knowledge of the affair, called attention to the publisher's wrapper in which a hammer and sickle were superimposed on the Admiralty foul anchor, while on the back the "Red Flag" was hoisted at an "anonymous" mast-head. He remarked that this wrapper betrayed "the premises which underlie Lieut.-Commander Edwards' writing," and, after giving examples of the exaggerations and inaccuracies in the book, concluded that the book was spoilt by "the author's determination to prove that revolutionary propaganda and not the very concrete pay-cuts was the cause of all the trouble." Other competent critics took the same line. Mr. A. V. Alexander, for instance, who was First Lord of the Admiralty in 1929–31, emphatically repudiated, both in a Sunday paper article and in a letter to a daily paper, the story of political interference with Service matters, and ridiculed the wrapper. Even such a high naval authority as Admiral of the Fleet Sir Frederick Field—the First Sea Lord at the time of what I think one correctly calls the "breeze" at Invergordon—was constrained to write a long letter to the *Times* "to draw attention to the large number of gross inaccuracies contained in the book." There have been two results: first, the Admiralty deemed it prudent to issue a *démenti*, declaring that they have neither assisted nor do they admit any liability for the author; and, secondly, the wrapper has been withdrawn. Instead of the sensational original design an innocuous map of the Invergordon area, already to be found inside both covers, now camouflages the same miscellany of errors.

* * *

So far, so good. Its outer cover purged of offence to the Admiralty, *The Mutiny of Invergordon* continues to spread its inaccuracies and propaganda without let or hindrance. I make no complaint of that. But note a striking contrast. On September 18th I commented upon the treatment of Private Frank Griffin, who published from personal experience a very serious indictment of certain aspects of Army life in an issue of *Fact*, which was for one reason or another promptly banned by a large number of bookstalls. No public inquiry—and, so far as I have heard, no private inquiry—followed Mr. Griffin's allegations. He was quietly discharged from the Army Reserve, with results that can scarcely fail to be damaging to his prospects of future employment. Yet no inaccuracy has been proved in his account and no case made against him. His only political comment was a reasoned argument at the end of the book that for the ills of the Army the Labour Party alone could provide the remedy. The contrast is worth noting. In one case where there is good reason to complain of gross misrepresentation of the Navy, an official *démenti* is considered adequate; in the other, in which the criticism

is circumstantial and, up to the present, unanswered, but comes from the Left, the official reaction is swift and drastic punishment? This seems an adequate answer to those who say that the Services are required to remain non-political—from one side, anyway.

* * *

I suppose I ought not to be unduly grieved by Margaret Ashton's death. She was eighty-one and lived fully and enjoyed all her battles. I only knew her during the last ten years. She was the only person I've known who made fun of going blind; when finally she had an eye out she showed her glass eye to everyone and talked about having a party to celebrate it. She had the straightest carriage, the most pugnacious chin and the most caustic tongue. I used to get her to talk about the suffrage struggle, her colleagues on the Manchester City Council and, above all, about prominent women in the Women's International League, of which she was one of the founders and in which she soon found herself a rebel. I last saw her a few months ago, when she came up for a W.I.L. meeting—erect, witty and pleasantly contemptuous of all the people who talked a lot and lacked her directness and courage to act. She belonged to a great Liberal family and seemed part of Manchester Liberalism. But she parted company with the Liberals many years before it was correct to leave off being a Liberal. "Yes," she said to me once, "I woke up one morning and said to myself, 'Nonsense, I'm not a Liberal at all. Why should I pretend to be?' So I joined the Labour Party."

* * *

There are thousands of people who find Armistice Day, as it is now celebrated, an embarrassing occasion. They want to join in it; they wish to remember and pledge themselves to work for the peace which their sons and husbands and fathers thought they were fighting for. But to find it celebrated by a military parade just makes them feel sick. Such people, I think, will welcome an invitation to a different kind of celebration for 10.15 on November 11th next. The invitation is issued in the names of Isaac Foot, M.P., Miss Storm Jameson, Canon Raven, Ellis Roberts, Canon Sheppard, H. M. Tomlinson, and H. W. Austin. The meeting place is to be at the Bandstand (near the Zoo) in Regent's Park: there will be singing by a male choir conducted by Mr. Brian Easdale, and a short form of words designed to unite people of many shades of thought will be recited after the two minutes' silence has been observed. The only pageantry will be two banners; one will say that "patriotism is not enough," and the other "at the going down of the sun and in the morning, we will remember them."

* * *

The following is an extract from a recent advertisement:

> Stomach sufferer—look at this! We took the amount of hydrochloric acid present in a NORMAL sufferer's stomach, poured it on a thick Indian carpet. You can see the hole it burnt, size of a saucer, in the actual photo above. No wonder acidity hurts! No wonder doctors warn you of the agonies of neglect! No wonder weak remedies fail to do the job!

I find unfailing amusement in watching the ingenuity of commerce in exploiting the popular reverence for anything that looks like science.

CRITIC

INDIA REVISITED

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

WHEN the writer left India, at the beginning of 1932, Mr. Gandhi had just been rearrested and the National Movement was being subjected to severe repression, the Congress was an illegal body and ordinances were in force, notably in the North-West Frontier Province. The Press was decidedly restricted in the expression of opinion and the jails were full. Subsequently Pandit Nehru took the centre of the stage when he emerged from prison a few years ago. The founding of the Congress Socialist Party also gave the impression that there was a "leftward" trend in Indian politics. What, then, is the actual situation?

To-day men who were in prison in 1932 are in charge of provinces, and the Congress, having won elections, is easily the most powerful force in the country. Pandit Nehru and the Socialists were opposed to accepting office, yet the Congress is in power in six provinces and is now the chief part of a coalition government in a seventh (the North-West Frontier, where Dr. Khan Sahib, brother of Abdul Ghaffar Khan—"the Frontier Gandhi"—has just formed a ministry). This development is due to the influence of Mr. Gandhi, who, despite all prognostications, remains the dominant influence in Indian affairs.

Actually the Congress Socialist Party by no means has the power which some have supposed. At present it is being attacked by M. N. Roy, recently released from prison with all the prestige of a former member of the Comintern (from which he was expelled) and the reputation of an old revolutionary. Roy believes that at the present juncture bourgeois nationalism is the only force to be reckoned with in India and that all forces must be concentrated on the Congress. The existence of a Socialist Party within the Congress he believes to be an anomaly. Roy is attacked as an opportunist by the Left, but he has a fairly large following among the youth in certain provinces.

The Congress is predominantly Right-wing in tendency. Indian soil is by no means ripe for Socialism, and some of the leaders make no attempt to hide their dislike for what seems to them to be a Western infiltration. They are opposed to the industrialisation of India and are many of them religious-minded Hindus with at least a tendency to traditionalism. They stand wholeheartedly behind Gandhi's programme of village-industries and the attack on Untouchability. One of the first actions of the Congress governments was to experiment in prohibition in certain districts, and they hope ultimately to make the whole country "dry."

Some of the younger men whom I have met feel that the Congress in office bears far more resemblance to a party for liberal and religious reforms than a revolutionary body, and they remind me that Gandhi called for office-acceptance as the only alternative to bloody revolution. They are sceptical as to the possibility of implementing even the main part of the Congress programme. A "dry" India is no substitute for the remission of debts or the abolition of the Zemindari system, and there are many elements in the Congress who are very far from desiring the abolition of landlordism or the liquidation of debts. On the whole it is true to say that the Congress has neglected the Moslem masses, who, I am told, are very ripe for a move to the Left. A good deal of Communalism in the country is purely economic in origin; for instance, in Bengal, and to some extent in the Punjab, Congress represents the Zemindar and middle-class and has not presented a particularly desirable front to the Moslem peasantry. My friends of the Left accuse the Congress of shirking the responsibility of building a mass movement on the economic demands of the peasantry. At best, in most provinces the ministries, while experimenting in prohibition and promising certain tax-remissions and the provision of new tanks for village water-supply, show no disposition to depart from the path of "sound finance." Still they are full of zeal and, it may be, the Left is criticising them too prematurely. They have obeyed the Congress mandate and refused to accept as official salary more than Rs. 500, and economy is the rule in every province and a new standard of simplicity is being set which one can only admire.

The crux of the situation is the Central Government. Some think that the present situation is virtually the capitulation of Congress to the British and their ultimately inevitable acceptance of the principle of federation. It has been pointed out to me that neither Gandhi nor the other leaders have done anything to espouse the cause of the oppressed subjects of the Indian States. It is true that Congress is committed to hostility to the Constitution and its subsequent destruction, but

may not office-acceptance be the thin end of the wedge? It would be precarious to assume that even the Right-wing is yet ready to countenance an alliance with British Imperialism, but much depends on the international situation.

So far one of the greatest advantages of the new Congress Governments is that they have produced some return to free speech. Some complain that the process is not more rapid and point out that various Marxist societies are still banned and that two ministers have expressed their determination to suppress all that may tend to foment class hatred. (This was interpreted as referring to communal disputes, but some are not convinced.) But political prisoners of long standing have been released and many erstwhile terrorists have publicly expressed their intention to abandon violence and follow the Congress programme. A prominent Trade Unionist told me that many of the terrorists have become Marxists, particularly in Bengal. In that province there is still a great deal of political repression.

That amicable relations may develop between the Congress Right-wing and the British is possible. The officials have been most correct in their attitude to the new ministries and the Anglo-Indian press has been fulsome. But the poverty of the country overshadows all other considerations and any government which fails to supply some solution will lose the support of the masses. One sometimes wonders whether the present leaders do not put their trust in the possibility of a trade-boom as the result of war; it is clear that their policy has no long-term value. Gandhi is right in laying supreme emphasis on the village, but are his plans for rural reconstruction in any way adequate? They involve the artificial damming of industrial development at a certain point. I have seen centres of home-spinning where old treadle-machines were being used to make the metal spindles. Arkwright is the most revolutionary innovator in production that these gentlemen will recognise. For the moment such conceptions prevail, and the "naked fakir" has become the "farmer of Shegaon." Though his health is none too good his spirit is as indomitable as ever and it is impossible not to admire his faith in his own appointed task. Little is done throughout the land without his advice first being sought.

To my mind, one of the main difficulties lies in the super-imposition of Western political or social ideals on ancient fabric; the latter has been partly destroyed without the complete assimilation of the former. This may be seen in such phenomena as rural indebtedness, where the pathetic plight of the peasant is partly due to the decay of ancient methods of capital investment, while modern methods of collecting land-revenue can only harm the peasant. Again, modern legal methods in India have none of the sanctions of law in England, which helps to explain the prevalence of bad legal practice. A young barrister told me that the legal profession in India has only too often tended to adopt the forms of English law without its content.

Education remains a knotty problem. The various Government commissions reveal the weakness of the educational system. It may have fulfilled the purpose for which Macaulay designed it, but it has no reference to the grim realities of life to-day. It has created a surplus of clerks and a tiny intelligentsia, while leaving the mass of the people in a sorry state of illiteracy. The Congress ministries are faced with existing schools and colleges and it will be instructive to see what, if anything, they will do with them. Gandhi dreams of village schools which will be self-supporting, combining a degree of literary education with a plenitude of crafts. Certainly all are agreed that the present clerical bias in education must be shifted and a greater emphasis laid on technical knowledge and craftsmanship.

How the Congress will be able to begin to liquidate illiteracy, with its present financial resources and the prohibition scheme ahead, remains to be seen.

I have said enough to suggest that within the small field that is open to them the Congress will be active and reconstruction is in the air. One has a fear that any really adequate remodelling of Indian life is not envisaged. Neither the British nor a large proportion of the Congress leadership are prepared for any degree of socialisation and the Socialist dreams of Pandit Nehru must not be regarded as the "general line." However, in criticising we must always remember that complete freedom of action is not available and that India is still hedged about with safeguards and burdened with not a little of the responsibility of Imperial Defence. Moreover, a great disadvantage of the British Raj lies in the fact that it provides for Indians a magnificent scapegoat.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. J. M. Cameron.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The **article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.**

Lord Portal has had many and varied interests since he left the Life Guards. He has been managing director of the family business, on the boards of many great undertakings, including the G.W. Railway, and, not least evidence of his almost Shakespearean scope, he has been chairman of the Bacon Development Board since its foundation. —*Observer.*

The bombing of non-combatants, except munition workers, would not be carried out by anybody except madmen, as food supply is a great problem in wartime, and to reduce the number of non-combatants and non-munition workers is assisting to solve the enemy's most vital problem.—Letter from Admiral Kers in *Times.*

Mr. T. Belk, Clerk to the Middlesbrough Magistrates: Why have you not sent your child to school regularly?

Mr. J. T. Howlett: Because he has no boots.

The Clerk: But you went to school without boots when you were young, did you not?

The Parent: Yes, sir.

The Clerk: Then why cannot your son do the same? It will not do him any harm.—*Reynolds News.*

One of the delegates mentioned a case in which cottagers had to drink from a ditch while, on their master's estate, a piped water supply was provided for pheasants.—*News Chronicle.*

London Society women are joining training classes for service during a war or national emergency. "The nicer type of women are applying and we are out for quality rather than quantity."

"What do you mean by 'the nicer type?'" the reporter asked. "Mayfair women?"

"Not necessarily," said Mrs. Winn, "I would say the higher middle class. Most of the applicants drive their own cars."—*Star.*

King George of Greece was once bowled first ball in a cricket match at his English private school.

He never forgot the incident.

It helped him, he said, to face the poverty-stricken years of his exile with more courage than he might otherwise have shown.

It enabled him, he told friends, to treat the misfortune of his expulsion from Greece as a stepping-stone to ultimate triumph.—*Sunday Referee.*

"I can't understand the mentality of any young man who does not join the Army.—Lady Massereene, reported in *Belfast Telegraph.*

GEESE

A STRIFE of tongues has arisen at Ashdown Forest, where the right of villagers to pasture their geese on the common has been questioned. It is said that the geese injure the greens (which I suppose are golfing greens), and some ingenious casuist—no doubt an enthusiastic golfer—has discovered that, according to Domesday Book or some equally high authority, the goose is the one animal that has no rights on a common. A correspondent in the *Times* invokes

on the other side the eighteenth-century rhyme, one version of which runs :

> The law doth punish man or woman
> That steals the goose from off the common,
> But lets the greater felon loose
> That steals the common from the goose.

These lines, however, were written at a time when the importance of golf was not yet generally realised and in an age that was heading for the French Revolution. There is already in them a hint of the modern attack on the rights of property, the chief of which has, as you know, always been to seize or to keep the property of other people.

I myself like to see geese on commons. It is always a pleasure to see the gate of a farmyard opened in the morning and a flock of geese, honking rapturously, march as statelily as their haste will permit to the pond at the edge of the green. What defiance is in their looks ! With what a noble conceit the gander carries himself as he looks about him and seems to offer to take on all-comers in defence of his dames ! No doubt, a psycho-analyst will one day invade the animal world and explain that the gander with his challenging neck is merely a victim of the inferiority complex. Even if his daring is only a pretence, however, it is well acted—so well acted that it has alarmed women and children for centuries and has occasionally made me feel rather nervous myself. I am not one of those people who are afraid to say boo to a goose, but I am not quite so confident when saying boo to a gander. He is certainly a bold fellow who will run after you if you run away from him, and, as he hisses, his fierce eye and long neck undeniably look dangerous.

Even so, he and his wives are extraordinarily beautiful as they take to the water or with sudden shouts attempt to rise out of it into the air like swans and, with flapping wings and trailing feet, half-fly from one end of the pond to the other.

The common that I know best, indeed, would seem little better than a wilderness but for the regular visits of the geese and the pigs. The geese come first, and, soon after their return to the farm, the gate is opened again, and out comes an enormous and filthy sow with her litter of a dozen. Fat though she is, she can run well enough under the impetus of thirst, stumbling every now and then as though she were being tripped up by long clothes. Her children frisk about her in an ecstasy, running this way and that but always in a bunch, as if each of them were afraid to venture alone into the dangerous outside world. What happiness there is in their pretty curled tails and in their pretty innocent faces, not yet touched with the grossness of maturity ! How merrily, as if they were playing a game, they all of a sudden break into a gallop and race each other to the edge of the pond ! How greedily they set about rooting in the mud, their mother grunting in their midst and educating them by example in the art of getting dirty !

And how, by comparison with her, they remain clean ! Little pigs, if not inspected too closely, are among the cleanest things in nature. They have a new-washed appearance that is only emphasised by the bright sunshine. If they could remain like this for life, the pig would have a better reputation. But how can they be expected to remain like this when their mother by her behaviour reduces the fairest surroundings to the condition of a slum. Having quenched her thirst and turned up the mud at the edge of the pond with her snout for a time, she decides that the mud under its two inches of water is a bed too tempting to be refused and lies down in it on her side with a grunt. She closes her eyes and snores, dreaming of a paradise of dirt, in the October sun. Her children, fortunately, are still too innocent in the ways of the world to follow her example. They have not yet reached the bed-loving age. Active with the crazy restlessness of childhood, they leave her to her dreams, and make for the grass on the common, running hither and thither with hilarious squeaks and then pausing abruptly to nose in the earth for sweetmeats. Then, swift as the swine of Gadara, they are off again, their curled tails gay as pennons, galloping along the road, and galloping all the faster as a motorist slows down and hoots to them to get out of his way. As he passes them, they turn about and fly with their lovely unanimity back to their sleeping mother for protection.

Is it any wonder that women and children, on seeing a family of infant pigs, cry " Sweet ! " and " Aren't they lovely ? " Strong men, seeing them, may say nothing, but in their hearts they agree with the women and children. In all the animal world, which animal would you say produces the loveliest children ? I should be inclined to say the cat, the duck and the pig. And of the three, alas, the young pig is the only one that is almost sure to be entirely bereft of its beauty by middle age. I loved all pigs as a child, but, as I saw that sow on the common rising from the pond, her right side filthily clothed in black mud, I could not but admit that she was ugly. She was, I thought, the ugliest animal on earth at that particular moment. And the worst of it was, I knew, that in time she would infect all her little brood with her love of indecency. They, too, will soon discover the indolent joy of wallowing in the mire. They, too, their voices now unbroken like the voices of choir-boys, will one day acquire her sub-alto grunt. They will, if allowed to live, have great flapping ears like hers, and become a byword among men for obscenity. All pigs grow like their mothers : that is their tragedy.

I set out, however, not to mourn over the gradual degeneration of the pig, but to defend the goose. W. H. Hudson has defended it before on the ground of its high intelligence, and the Romans honoured it because on a critical occasion it saved the Capitol. My own love of the goose, however, is almost entirely aesthetic. I like geese mainly because a flock of white geese has such a noble and stately appearance when seen through a farmyard gate aimlessly marching in the sun. I was a little shocked, however, to learn that the frequency of whiteness in geese, which I admire so much, is probably due to the cruel custom of plucking live geese—a custom which still persists in some parts of the world. According to Newton's *Dictionary of Birds*, " it is well known to bird-keepers that a white feather is often produced in place of one that has been pulled out." Hence, the grey goose, having been plucked alive for centuries, gradually becomes white. I had always until now heard this custom attributed exclusively to the Irish and, indeed, I have known an anti-Irish propagandist in the old days to reinforce his argument against Home Rule with the statement that the Irish were a cruel race who plucked geese alive. According to the *Dictionary of Birds*, however, the plucking of live geese was also an English custom in the days when geese were bred in great numbers in Norfolk and Lincolnshire. " It was no uncommon thing," we are told, " for a man to keep a stock of a thousand, each of which might be reckoned to rear on an average seven goslings. The flocks were regularly taken to pasture and water, just as sheep are, and the man who tended them was called the Gooseherd, corrupted into Gozzerd. The birds were plucked five times a year." I might have guessed, however, even without the aid of the *Dictionary* that the custom of plucking geese existed in other countries than Ireland, for, during my childhood in Belfast, whenever snow began to fall thickly, my nurse would always say to us in a voice that suggested the worst, " They're plucking geese in Scotland."

I confess that, apart from the plucking, I should like to have lived in the days of the great goose-farms. How pleasant a spectacle it must have been when, in autumn, " the flocks were driven [along the road] to London or other large markets." " They travelled," says Newton, " at the rate of about a mile an hour, and would get nearly ten miles in a day." They must have been as fine a sight as the processions of loaded mules returning in the evening from market in Spain, and I doubt whether poultry are taken to market as humanely to-day.

Presumably, the disappearance of the great flocks of geese is the result of the universal popularity of the turkey. Even so, there are still enough geese left to make a common beautiful. Let us preserve them as a " rural amenity." If they injure the greens, why, then, the obvious thing to do is to revive the

gozzerd or the goose-girl to keep them from straying upon sacred places. But let us not, in our passion for golf, commit the felony of stealing the common from the goose. The goose, once the food of Egyptian kings, is still one of the indispensable decorations of the English landscape. Y. Y.

REFUGEES IN CATALUNYA

[The authors of this article are two British doctors who have had much to do with the care of the Basque children brought to this country and who have just returned from making a careful survey of the medical condition of the refugees in Catalunya.]

IT has repeatedly been said that Catalunya has been too concerned with her own affairs to take her full share in the war. If those inclined to disparage her co-operation could see the burden she has shouldered they would tell a different tale. Into this one province have been concentrated refugees from every part of Spain, whilst an unending stream of women, children, and wounded pour in from the Asturias, and fresh evacuations from Madrid and France are in immediate prospect. The refugees have come in three main waves—from the South (Andalusia and Murcia), those from Malaga having been many days on the road and bringing nothing with them except their children and the clothes they wore; from Madrid, and, since the end of August, in an overwhelming new influx from Gijon. Many of these last have fled from San Sebastian to Bilbao, from Bilbao to Santander, from Santander to Gijon, and now have escaped by boat to Bordeaux, where they are fed, locked into trains, and carried to Puigcerda.

The dangers and hardships entailed, not only by the shortage of food and overcrowding, but also by the mixing of such different populations, are immediately obvious. The refugees from the South are for the most part used to an extremely low standard of living. Many have never slept in beds, and some have been cave-dwellers. Almost all are verminous, and many suffer from scabies; their ideas of sanitation would shame a self-respecting badger. But of much more importance is the relatively high incidence amongst them of trachoma (a highly infectious eye disease leading to blindness) and tuberculosis. Both the Catalans and the Basques, on the other hand, are healthy and progressive peoples, with high standards of living and cleanliness; trachoma is rare in both districts, though a mild form of typhoid fever is endemic.

Owing to the great numbers of refugees and the rapidity of their arrival, it has been quite impossible to separate those from the North and South into different districts. In many instances we found Andalusians, Murcians, Madrileños, Basques, and Asturians living not only in the same villages, but in the same colonies, and sometimes even in the same room. In one large colony in a remote village we found that scabies had become almost universal amongst the children, and in the absence of soap, sulphur ointment, baths, or any method of sterilising bedding, was making sleep impossible. Elsewhere, children with trachoma and adults with active pulmonary tuberculosis were mixed with healthy children without any facilities for isolation or treatment.

There is a universal shortage of food, blankets, shoes, and soap. Except for some of the Asturians who have managed to bring bundles with them, hardly any of the refugees have even a change of clothes. Since some of the colonies (the housing varies from fine private houses downward) are lodged in derelict old buildings which are neither rain nor wind-proof, and since many of the Southerners have only cotton clothes, the winter in the North threatens the utmost privation. By far the most urgent necessity, however, is milk. One colony of 225 refugees, of which 135 were children, had had four cows all of which had died from tuberculosis. At the time we visited, there were *four tins of condensed milk a day* to provide for the whole colony. In another, there had been two litres the previous day to divide amongst 74 children. Bread is almost equally scarce; in Barcelona, women may wait for four or five hours in the queue only to find that the supply is exhausted. In a Northern colony, we found that the children under 13 were given one slice a day, but others only got a slice four days a week.

Although conditions bordering on famine have been reached in some of the outlying colonies in the Gerona and Figueras districts, it is because the authorities are working against time and impossible odds; they are doing everything they can to supply and distribute food, and the local inhabitants have shared their starvation rations, blankets, and bedding in a way that is often hardly credible. The Government department that is responsible for the support of refugees is the Assistencia Social, which has a local representative in each municipality. A few colonies are centrally controlled, but the majority are being delegated to the local municipality. Payment is made by Assistencia Social at the rate of 2 pesetas a head per day. On this the municipality either feeds the refugees (the method usually adopted), or pays out the money weekly, letting individuals buy their own food at the lowest rates. When it is realised that a sandwich may now cost 1 peseta 10 c., it is clear that this does not allow much margin.

As might be expected, conditions get worse as they get farther from the central organisation in Barcelona. We were interested to follow through the course of the northern refugees arriving at Puigcerda. This is a little frontier town in the Pyrenees, which at present is warm and sunny, but before long will be under snow. It is now being used for the arrival of almost all refugees, as Portbou was continually bombed when they were evacuated there. Two thousand had arrived at a few hours notice, and 11,000 in the previous six days. They were passed through the Assistencia office, where names and particulars were taken, and they were given a meal-card. Food was being cooked and served by four voluntary workers from the kitchen of the little station Fonda. Many had to stand four hours in the open before they got their plate of rice and slice of bread. Their matter-of-fact calm after their long journey and uncertain future was a continual marvel. Hardly had they arrived when mothers were scrubbing their children vigorously in the stream, and those who were fortunate enough to have laundry to wash had it spread out over the station yard. That night most of them slept in the local cinema, and next day, after a slice of bread and cocoa, were entrained for Ribbas or Manresa or Barcelona: but not before the next day's refugees were beginning to arrive. With them had come 200 wounded Asturians, some bearded, some boys of fifteen and sixteen. They made a grim procession as they stumped in single file through the station to the old warehouse where they were to sleep. Almost all had a limb amputated, since the risk of gangrene is so great; others were hunched or twisted with incredible contractures. We talked with one young fisherman, who showed us his twenty-eight shrapnel wounds; he laughingly said he had had five pieces out without an anaesthetic, and on the whole preferred the others should stay where they were.

The refugees arriving at Barcelona were sent to one of five large receiving-houses, where they stayed for one or more days. The two largest, the Luis Companys and the Kropotkin, had been a theological college and a girls' reformatory respectively, and could each house between one and two thousand. Their running, which was being done admirably, in one case by a hotel manager, had been detailed to the restaurant syndicate of the C.N.T. The kitchens were up to date, showers had been installed, and there were isolation rooms and a dispensary. Again, however, there was the same pressing lack of food and blankets. After a short stay, refugees were drafted from here to the villages.

On our third day in Barcelona (October 1st) we realised one reason why refugees are not being concentrated in Barcelona and the coast towns. Fourteen planes carried out a bombardment of Barceloneta, the fisherman's quarter, a place of no military importance. An infants' school was hit. The number of dead was over a hundred, fifty-six of them children. Two lorries carried away the bodies. In the evening we went down

to the Hospital Clinico, where some of them had been taken. In the mortuary over forty bodies, which could be recognised as such, had been laid out. Almost all were women and children. Alongside stood two baskets of limbs and entrails which no human ingenuity could piece together. Against this, familiarity with the face of death was no defence. Here a three-year-old had had his shirt burnt to his arm-pits, leaving his little bare behind half torn away. Here a girl of about eleven, who may well have had a certain grace four hours ago, was hideously sprawled, a flap of scalp grotesquely hiding one long-lashed eye. A little boy's right arm ended jaggedly below the shoulder, and another arm from a child perhaps two years younger had been laid in its place. Many were still grey from the dust from which they had been dug, except where a trickle of foam had cleared a channel from the nose or mouth.

The attendant wandered in, rolling a cigarette. If he could be of any help—or perhaps we could spare time to come down in the morning? There would be many operations, for more than twice as many wounded had been brought in. They would of course look for bullets, for it was said that many of the children had been machine-gunned by a low-flying plane. With a hardly perceptible shrug, he licked the margin of his cigarette, and wished us tranquil sleep. RICHARD ELLIS
AUDREY RUSSELL

ACROSS THE PYRENEES

[Downing St. is well aware that Franco has three fully-equipped Italian divisions of 80,000 men.—Daily papers, October 19th.]

O EDEN, go and call the volunteers,
And call the volunteers
Across the Pyrenees,
Till lawless intervention disappears
On land as on the seas.

The chairman's sub-committee perseveres,
Invasion perseveres,
The Plymouth Brethren pray;
The sub-committee's sub-committee clears
Last obstacles away.

And every State to every plan adheres,
In principle adheres
To formulas worn thin,
While no impetuous action interferes
With Franco's scheduled win.

But when the picked Italians troops with cheers
Advance, with martial cheers,
With battle-airs and drums,
When, somehow leaking through Spain's shut frontiers,
The Fascist army comes,

With clang of armoured columns in men's ears,
(In all but Eden's ears)
It seems, in view of these,
Superfluous to call the volunteers
Across the Pyrenees. SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

BRUNO MUSSOLINI

SIR,—In view of the reports that Bruno Mussolini has been killed in Spain, instead of, as he evidently expected, being able to bomb helpless men, women and children and to destroy their homes with safety and comfort, as he did in Abyssinia, the following extracts from his own account of his air-bombing exploits in that country may be of interest. They are taken from his book, *Voli Sulle Ambe*, which has been recommended to all Italian schools:

"I get only mediocre effects, perhaps because I was expecting enormous explosions like in American films, whereas the little Abyssinian homes, made of withies and rushes, give no satisfaction to anyone bombing them." (p. 28).

"The little incendiary bombs give satisfaction; at any rate one sees fire and smoke. We conscientiously burned the whole of this zone. But there were no inhabitants left." (p. 39).

"I have never been able to see a fire, although I have often chased fire-engines. . . . Perhaps because someone had heard of this gap in my education a machine from the 17th Squadron was ordered to bomb the Adi-Abo zone exclusively with incendiary bombs. . . . We had to set fire to the wooded hills, to the fields, and to the little villages. . . . It was all most diverting. . . . The bombs hardly touched the earth before they burst out into white smoke and an enormous flame and the dry grass began to burn. I thought of the animals; God, how they ran. . . . After the bomb-racks were emptied I began throwing bombs by hand. . . . It was most amusing: a big "zariba" surrounded by tall trees was not easy to hit. I had to aim carefully at the straw roof and only succeeded at the third shot. The wretches who were inside, seeing their roof burning, jumped out and ran off like mad." (p. 77).

"We went to Dacue, where there was a market and a big crowd; we dropped a few bombs." (p. 45).

"Surrounded by a circle of fire about five thousand Abyssinians came to a sticky end. It was like hell; the smoke rose to incredible heights and the flames reddened the setting sun" (p. 92).

A SOCIALIST

SPAIN—AND HISTORY

SIR,—In a leading article on Friday last the *Times* made two statements about Spain.

1. That, "if Spanish history is a safe guide, Spaniards had always in the end got rid of all intruders."

2. That, "though history can show a long list of foreign interventions in the domestic quarrels of Spain . . . it is hard to recall any which did good and any which the intervening Power had not ultimately good reason to regret."

Would it not be better if the kind old grandmothers and nurses who rule our destinies ceased sometimes from concocting these absurd tales to put us to sleep and allowed us to look at the truth? For the facts in this matter are these. In the last three hundred years there have been five cases of armed interference in the internal affairs of Spain.

1. The war of 1640–1659, when Catalonia rose against Madrid and Richelieu sent an army to assist them. The Catalans were defeated, but France kept Cerdagne and Roussillon.

2. The War of the Spanish Succession, when British and French armies, each supported by a section of the Spaniards, fought in Spain. Everyone knows the result; the British kept Minorca and Gibraltar and Spain also lost her possessions in Italy.

3. The Peninsular War. Napoleon was defeated in Russia and Wellington drove the French armies out of Spain. (The Spaniards alone could never have done this.) The English achieved all their objects, but they got no thanks from the Spanish Government because Ferdinand VII, who needed the support of the autocratic Powers to maintain his own absolute rule against the Liberals, deserted our alliance for that of the Tsar Alexander. The Spaniards lost their American colonies—their trade went to England.

4. The invasion of the "Sons of St. Louis." In 1823 Ferdinand called in the French to suppress the Constitution which the Liberals had set up. Louis XVIII's government obtained all that they wanted—prestige, a favourable commercial treaty and the payment of the cost of the war. At Ferdinand's request they left 60,000 French soldiers in the garrison towns of Spain for five years.

5. The First Carlist War. The British sent 20,000 volunteers and Louis Philippe sent a small contingent. The only purpose of the intervention was achieved—that there should not be in Spain a reactionary Government which in the event of a European war would be a menace to the two Western Powers.

In those days the maintenance of a friendly government in Spain was an important object of British policy and experience had shown that friendship could not be expected from any government of the extreme Right. With good reason; then as now the only principle of Spanish foreign policy was to ally itself to Governments of the same political complexion as itself.

By all means, therefore, let us sit back and watch whilst Mussolini and Hitler overrun Spain. I hope we shall show the same exemplary patience whilst they overrun Egypt and the

Sudan also. But let us avoid making ourselves ridiculous by chanting in grandmotherly tones that the Dictators will in the end lose by it. " If Spanish history is a safe guide," they will not.

GEORGE BEATON

THE PALESTINE MURDERS

SIR,—In your issue of October 9th, Mr. Thomas Hodgkin offered an apologia for the Arab terrorists who assassinated Mr. Andrews, District Commissioner of Galilee, on the ground that the Palestine Arabs have no " adequate constitutional outlet " for their political beliefs, and have, therefore, turned to terrorism. Such a defence, which is, to say the least, deplorable, is vitiated by the fact that the Arabs were offered a Legislative Council and an Arab Agency (analogous to the Jewish Agency) in 1922 and rejected them, and were again offered a Legislative Council at the end of 1935 with a similar result. In any case, the acts of terrorism are not the expression of the feelings of the Palestinian Arabs as a whole or of their chosen representatives, but of a small band of extremists, supplemented by foreign mercenaries, and partly financed by foreign money. The widespread Arab opposition to murder as a political weapon has been sufficiently demonstrated by the peaceful attitude of the great majority of the Arabs in various parts of the country, many of whom, occupying important positions in their respective local communities, have been murdered, wounded or blackmailed by fellow-Arabs.

To compare the assassination of the late Mr. Andrews with the killing of " some prominent Gestapo official by an opponent of the Nazi regime " is a gross perversion of the facts, for his murderers are practitioners of that policy of terrorism with which the Gestapo is intimately identified, while the unfortunate victim was the representative of a Power which had rescued the Arabs from the Turkish yoke and brought about far greater progress (including the abolition of conscription and the reduction of taxation) in Palestine in the last seventeen years than the country had experienced in the previous seventeen centuries. The further attempt to justify the murder on the ground that " the Arab villages of the Galilee district had suffered severely at the hands of the British during the last eighteen months " likewise amounts to a topsy-turvy presentation of the facts, for British action simply consisted of punitive measures necessitated by an outbreak of murder, arson, and sabotage.

While Mr. Hodgkin's apologia for the assassins of Mr. Andrews is, apart from all other considerations, astonishing in itself, it is all the more revolting as coming from a former colleague of Mr. Andrews in the civil service of the Palestine Government. This unpleasant fact, which must be a matter of grave concern to all interested in the peace of Palestine, may perhaps help to explain in some measure why that peace is so difficult to attain.

Child's Hill, N.W.2. ISRAEL COHEN

THE PACIFIST POSITION

SIR,—Let us assume that Canon H. R. L. Sheppard is right: let us assume that he gradually increases the number of his converts, a slow process at best. When he has gained, say, ten times his present following, what will be the result? Quite inevitably, war.

Does any intelligent man who has read Hitler's book, who has followed his speeches as interpreted by his actions, and who has studied the methods of Mussolini in the case of Abyssinia and of Spain, doubt for an instant that they would make war at once if they felt completely assured of rapid victory? Hesitation, in their view, under such circumstances, would be contemptible.

At some stage in the pacifist crusade such a position would obviously be reached long before the majority could be converted to " non-violence." A. H. SCOTT

Blissford Pool, Fordingbridge, Hants.

BRITISH NATIONAL CONGRESS OF THE I.P.C.

SIR,—Many of your readers are doubtless aware of the British National Congress of the International Peace Campaign which is being held at University College, London, on Saturday and Sunday next. They may not know of a similar Congress held recently in Paris by the French Committee. This was a superb success. It was attended by 2,000 delegates, from, for instance, the ex-service mens' Associations (3,000,000 members); Co-operative Societies (2,500,000 families); trade unions (3,000,000 members); and peasants' associations (1,500,000 families).

There can be no doubt that the I.P.C. has become a living movement on the Continent, and that its influence is growing day by day. Societies supporting the League of Nations are working enthusiastically through their National I.P.C. Committees. It has been said that the new vigour in the recent meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva was largely the result of work done by the I.P.C. on the Continent. In this country 81 Peace Weeks have been held, including a most successful one recently at Glasgow.

At this moment when the situation in China calls for intensive work on the part of everyone interested in the restraint of aggression, the British National Committee finds itself in serious need of money. It is intolerable that the Committee cannot do all that might be done because of lack of money.

I hope that readers who sympathise with this great movement will communicate at once with Lady Hall, the Treasurer of the British National Committee, by letter or telephone (Sloane 2161), so that their donations or promises may be made known before the Congress closes. NORMAN ANGELL,

18 Grosvenor Crescent Mews, S.W.1. Vice-Chairman.

JAPAN AND THE DRUG TRADE

SIR,—Readers who may have thought that I was reckless in my statements on Japan's promotion of the drug trade (in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of October 9th) will have seen in the *Times*' review of the report of the League of Nations Opium Committee that the half was not told. How true to type these meetings run! The Japanese delegate always expresses astonishment and indignation; he cannot believe the statements are true, and must make his own inquiries—and so another year of uncontrolled drug-pushing is secured. After mentioning the vast distribution of drugs in North China under Japanese official protection, the *Times* says, " In Japan and Korea, on the other hand, the laws against the cultivation and sale of narcotics are strictly enforced." Who said so—the Japanese delegate? If the extensive cultivation of opium poppies in Japan and Korea has been stopped, it is only very recently, and because it attracts less attention in Manchukuo. True, it was carefully controlled—up to a point. But only the cream was skimmed off by the official monopoly; the poppy-heads still containing half their opium content were sold as " refuse " to the manufacturing chemists of Osaka.

During the piping times of drug import, I was shown on one occasion the import manifests of some ships discharging in Kobe, and published the figures in the *Japan Chronicle*, pointing out that these figures were greatly in excess of the returns published by the Customs. I received an indignant letter from the Customs saying that transhipment cargo never appeared in the returns. Naturally the letter did not say whither the unrecorded drugs were transhipped—they had certainly been consigned to Kobe. But from that month narcotic drugs never appeared on the Kobe import returns. Doubtless a cause of misunderstanding was thus quietly removed.

Soon after the present trouble in China started I attended a meeting of political intellectuals whose chief preoccupation was to estimate what was the least gain that would satisfy Japan—for the present. I did my best to get them interested in the fact that where the Japanese army goes, narcotic drugs follow, but they seemed to think it irrelevant. The Geneva opium reports are valuable, though rather belated, documents, and it seems a pity that they get no more publicity than a couple of newspaper articles. A. MORGAN YOUNG

Oxford.

MR. GLADSTONE

SIR,—Mr. Desmond MacCarthy was so kind in his notice of my play, *Mr. Gladstone*, to say of my portrait of Queen Victoria that " fundamentally it is not unjust or only on the surface." His view was confirmed by the majority of dramatic critics.

Before writing the part I studied carefully all the available material and was scrupulous to put in the Queen's mouth no expression of opinion which cannot be substantiated by documents. I even understated the case against her unconstitutionalism and obstruction. For example, I deliberately omitted her attempt to coerce the Liberal Government by secretly inciting Lord Wolseley to resign, and her intrigue (in 1885) with Harcourt to bring about the fall of Gladstone while he still held a majority.

By this under-drawing of the Queen I knew that I was weakening the dramatic element in the play and sacrificing much of the

conflict which makes the actual politics of the time so exciting; and I was as aware as any of my critics that, to those unacquainted with and uninterested in the great affairs of state, *Mr. Gladstone* might in consequence appear dull. But it seemed to me that it was worth running that risk if, by over-moderation, I could communicate to the general public something at least of the true nature of Victoria's disastrous influence and unpleasant character as a slight corrective to the highly sentimental and too sympathetic versions of her life already licensed for screen and stage.

The Lord Chamberlain, however, has banned *Mr. Gladstone*. Since the Lord Chamberlain is one of the few people in England who are allowed complete dictatorial powers, he need give no reason to explain actions which are, in any case, arbitrary. Thus, neither I nor anyone but himself knows on what grounds the general public are prohibited from seeing *Mr. Gladstone*. But, considering all the circumstances, I have little doubt that it is because of the mild criticism implicit in the picture of the Queen and my implied attack on her imperialistic militarism which, in the interests of peace, Gladstone fought to the last ditch.

The Censor's action seems, therefore, to be dictated by political motives, and, on those grounds, is a step which I feel I may, without impropriety, ask your readers, who are interested in the present executive attack on the freedom of political discussion, to consider with some care. HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

Savage Club, S.W.1.

MILK

SIR,—As your journal has been consistently interested in the question of malnutrition, particularly as concerning young children, your readers might be enlightened by the following tragic story.

In the coalfield of North Staffordshire there is a district centred around the town of Kidsgrove in which nearly half the insurable population is out of work. About two years ago an organisation called the Kidsgrove and District Social Service Clubs started a scheme for distributing milk at half-price to the children under school age of unemployed parents. After much organising work (into which I need not go) a scheme was inaugurated at four distributing centres in the district—the unemployed clubs—whereby these children under five could purchase one-third of a pint of milk per day at half-price. The deficit from buying the milk at the ordinary price was made up by private donations and donations from the Milk Marketing Board. During these two years between 500 and 600 children have benefited by this effort; but, as you will understand, it has involved a considerable amount of voluntary work throughout. But those working the scheme have understood—and been continuously hoping—that the scheme would soon be taken over by the Government with paid labour, or that a bigger and better scheme would be introduced as part of a national nutrition policy.

Now we have come to the end of our resources, both materially and morally, and we are compelled to drop the scheme, to the detriment of the children of the district. The deficit to be made up in this Kidsgrove scheme was under £200 per year. For what a small sum, compared with the Government's huge arms expenditure, could a far greater milk scheme be introduced for the benefit of the undernourished! Cannot the organised Labour movement stop this scandalous negligence? STEPHEN SWINGLER

The Woodlands House, Liverpool Road,
Lawton, Stoke-on-Trent.

THE WIDER CENSORSHIP

SIR,—Mr. Alec Craig hits the nail on the head when he instances the feeble policy of the public libraries in dealing with "doubtful" books as a gratuitous contribution to a mischievous "wider censorship." It is not quite correct to say, however, that the borough libraries are now "being organised on a national basis" under the National Central Library. The N.C.L. has indeed instituted a splendid system by which readers may borrow from far and wide such books as are not in their local library. But the libraries themselves remain as independent and self-centred as ever; and in the more reactionary among them it is often difficult to induce the staff to take the trouble of applying to the N.C.L. for books wanted. Certain of these backward libraries, even in the metropolitan area, have recently declined to take their share in a union catalogue which would have made the whole reservoir of books available to them as well as to others.

The fact of the matter is, the borough libraries ought from the outset—perhaps it is not too late now—to have been put under the control of the Board of Education, or else of a national board, appointed *ad hoc*. These local committees represent borough councils elected for very different purposes than the running of libraries; the library department is the Cinderella, with ill effects on the personnel of that committee; and very few of the librarians are qualified to advise them in such a difficult problem as the selection of books. The County Libraries are doing admirable work, under the aegis of the Board of Education and the County Councils. One or two great municipalities, such as Manchester or Glasgow, have risen to their responsibilities and set a shining example. But in the rest of them an educated librarian is a rarity; and, unfortunately, the Library Association, since the time when it had on its council such enlightened men as Tedder, Garnett, MacAlyster, Lyster, Wyndham Hulme and Sutton, has set its face against education on a university level for librarians, and has degenerated into a mere trade union, to protect the assistant who enters from a council school, and help him to work his way to the top by dint of a training in classification and cataloguing and a fairly catholic ignorance of literature and science. The scholar is to be found now only in the great national and university libraries: he is wanted badly elsewhere. At this moment, the Library Association announces that it is co-operating with the *Sunday Times* in awarding medals for the best books in fiction, travel, biography, and "belles lettres," which, apparently, means literature as distinguished from novels. The decision will be guided by a ballot, not of competent judges, but of the rank and file of librarians and library staffs. Serious comment would be otiose.

ONCE A LIBRARIAN

SHIRT TAILS

SIR,—The story of Gracie Fields and the autograph on the dress shirt appearing under "This England" in the last issue of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, prompts me to write you with a story recounted in Pearson and Allen's entertaining American book, entitled *The Nine Old Men*. It is contained in a letter from a lady in Iowa to the Chief Justice in the following terms:

> Dear Mr. Chief Justice,—In order to raise money for the church, our members are making aprons from the shirt tails of famous men. We would be so pleased if you can send us one of your shirt tails. Please have Mrs. Hughes mark them with your initials and also pin a short biography on them giving the famous occasions on which they have been intimately connected with your life.

16 Blakesley Avenue, W.5. RONALD RUBINSTEIN

POLICEMAN IN ARMOUR

SIR,—Mr. Penny challenges me "to show in what respects the detective's solution fails to correspond with the undoubted facts of the case, or with the testimony, set down in the time-table, of innocent persons," in his latest detective story. I will do so.

On p. 280 the detective describes certain actions of the criminal which he estimates will occupy 6 minutes. On p. 136 in his time-table the criminal is allowed 4 minutes for these actions; or, if p. 135 of the time-table shows the correct time, 3 minutes; or, if p. 31 of the text (which I myself prefer) is correct, 5 minutes. As these are all four facts of the case, three of them must remain a bit doubted. RALPH PARTRIDGE

Miscellany

AUTUMN AND SPRING

THERE is no mistaking that hush which falls upon the auditorium of St. Martin's Theatre during the close of the scene between Brian Brooke and his wife in the second act of *Autumn*. It is the tribute of an emotional attention in which delight in acting is swamped by sympathy with a woman—to burst at last in tremendous applause of the actress. This tension which Miss Flora Robson creates while she is slowly telling the story of her passion for another man (the torture of it) is itself a guarantee of the play's success; and, to those who grasp the dependence of highly emotional scenes upon their setting, is also an indication that *Autumn* possesses sterling theatrical merits.

A common error of playgoers who attempt discrimination

is to single out, perhaps for enthusiastic praise, some superior scene or performance while condemning the rest as worthless, to ignore how much of what they justly admire may be due to what they dismiss as inferior. Heaven knows I have often fallen into it myself! But in this instance I was on my guard. I remembered how unfair the critical public had been to *Forsake Me Never*. The more they raved about the acting of Miss Bergner in it, the more they ran down Miss Kennedy's play; the louder they cried, "Don't miss a marvellous piece of acting," the more emphatically they added, "Of course the play is bad." *Escape Me Never* was not in any sense a great play, yet it engaged our sympathies from start to finish and held interest in suspense. If it had not, Miss Bergner could never have made the impression she did; and it was well designed to exhibit various sides of her talent. Let there be then no nonsense this time about Miss Robson redeeming an indifferent play. It is true that the scene I have mentioned and others where she acts so well are, undoubtedly, the best moments in *Autumn*; but they would not have been so moving unless they had been well prepared, and those who acted with her—notably Mr. Wyndham Goldie in the part of Sir Brian Brooke—had not interpreted excellently the other characters.

The situation is one not uncommon on the stage. Catherine Brooke, the second wife of a leader of the Bar, and step-mother to his sentimentally "advanced" daughter, Monica, aged eighteen, has for some time past been the mistress of her husband's Junior. Mark Seeley is an ambitious young man who accepts himself as such, and as one who always keeps one eye askew on the main chance. He is a genuine lover, but a lover with a bad conscience. Naturally, he feels he has behaved badly to a man to whom he owes professionally a great deal. But now he and Catherine are in for it, he accepts the fact that he must put up with the discomfort of a bad conscience and concentrates on the joys it has purchased him. A tough-minded young man as you perceive. The only respect in which Mark Seeley differs from the usual matrimonial intervener is in this intellectual honesty. His is perhaps the most difficult part to act in the whole play, for the dramatists (the original Russian author, the translator and collaborator, Mr. Ratoff, and the adaptor Miss Kennedy) have provided him with no attractions except his being the sort of man who, at a pinch, will face a truth, however painful or humiliating to himself. And yet he has to play the part of one who excites the most passionate devotion in two women; in Catherine Brooke, and later, her step-daughter. Mr. Jack Hawkins did what was possible with this somewhat stark and meagre outfit in the role of an irresistible lover.

One divines that his Russian prototype was neither so stiff nor so strong as the anglicised version of that character, and that as a Russian he would have been far more of an emotional, willy-nilly truth-teller than he appeared to be on our stage. There he seemed only a man whose *intellect* forced him to admit occasionally the weight of a case against him. It is therefore unjust to point to Mr. Hawkins as the weak place in the cast, for the dramatists have not, I guess, fully assimilated the original character. Not so Sir Brian Brooke. Here we have a man of strong affections and a most tender sense of justice, in whom, however, these qualities have been overlaid by histrionic habit, intensified by his practice as a successful advocate. He is a man of emphatic attitudes. There is a thick layer of sincere cant and theatrical moral indignation encasing him, which is eventually broken by his own suffering and that of those dear to him. There lies the development—the theme, if it can be said to have one—of *Autumn*.

When introduced to us he has come direct from the hands of a surgeon, who has just performed an operation on his eyes; and he has to wear a bandage for six months. The prospect of nursing a temporarily blind and permanently restive and exacting husband is not a prospect his wife and daughter look forward to; and we soon learn the main fact about his character. "Brian you always dramatise yourself. When you take a bath it is a perfect impersonation of a man taking a bath, and now I see you're determined for the next six months to be the blindest of blind men." He receives this piece of information about himself with a grim recognition of its possible truth. Then he asks her to read his letters. Among them is an anonymous one which she finds herself half-through before she has grasped its drift. It informs him that all the world knows that his wife is having an affair with Mark Seeley. He proceeds to cross-question her with legal dexterity. How has this rumour got about? Why has gossip fixed particularly on Mark? And so on. Her flustered replies move his suspicions, and they are only temporarily allayed by her explaining that it is Monica whom Mark is in love with, and it is she who has drawn him so often to the house.

In the next scene she tells her lover how she has got out of the fix. Mark admits she has been clever, but if she thinks that he can back up her lie by making love to Monica, she is mistaken. He can't act that part, let alone marry Monica; for Catherine in the misery of her trepidation is prepared even to urge him to do that.

Act II: the six months are over and Brooke's bandage is off. Meanwhile, two most vital changes have taken place in the situation. Mark, beginning merely with a desire to overcome Monica's distrust of his sincerity, has made her fall in love with him and really fallen in love himself; while Brooke, concentrating with the attention of a blind man on the voices of those round him, has become convinced of Catherine's guilt. True to his histrionic tendency (he is now investigating counsel plus remorseless husband) Brooke stages at an evening-party a final test. He forces Catherine to play the accompaniment for Monica to a sentimental song, "The Broken Vow." The engagement between Mark and Monica has been announced to the assembled guests. Catherine is ordered to play—and faints; the proof is complete—the episode is stagey. Then follows one of the best scenes. There is a real but distant affection between Catherine and Monica—that has been made clear. Catherine's nerves are horribly jangled after the party, and when the girl refuses to kiss her (Mark's farewell kiss is still on her lips), jealousy and suppressed passion flare up in Catherine. She clutches Monica and kisses her furiously again and again where Mark's lips have been. In a flash a hundred little facts crystallise in Monica's brain, and in a spasm of physical disgust she understands. Then follows that scene which hushed the audience between husband and wife, which begins with a relentless cross-examination and ends in a pity he did not know he could feel. Meanwhile Monica has run away. She comes back (Act III) after spending two nights with an earlier suitor, a young Communist, who has, however, *not* taken advantage of her desperation. One suspects a little cooking here for the benefit of English audiences. Brooke implores Catherine to convince the now deeply injured Mark that Monica still loves him. Catherine alone could do that, but to do it she has to overcome her own aching jealousy. She succeeds. The strength of the play lies in these scenes where, turn by turn, one character after another is forced to understand the person who has hurt him or her most, and in each case to behave unselfishly.

Comic relief is provided by Brooke's sister, who is admirably played by Miss Murial Aked. Her wedding present of a piece of modernist sculpture, "Mother and Child," was rapturously relished.

Laughter less dramatically irrelevant, but as spontaneous, awaits those who visit the Westminster Theatre, where *Anything but the Truth*, by Lady Longford, is running for another week. During three short acts we are present at a house-party in an Irish country-house, where a thread of comedy is provided by the relations of four women to a famous producer from London. There is plenty of foolery—a flat charade got up for the benefit of the bored celebrity, for example—but delicate and sometimes touching traits of character abound. The natural easiness of the acting and the informality of the production are suited to the theme. It is a gay, amateurish little piece with just a flavour of fidelity to facts, and just a dash of Irish fastidiousness in it. Which of the four women will get what she wants

out of John Bateson? Diana Box (played with due vivacity by Miss Garratt), the vamp who wants to design costumes; the hostess who looks for a moment like enjoying a mild flirtation with him; the direct and sadly difficult to mate Maureen, whom Miss Delany impersonated with unexaggerated sincerity; or the youngest, Hazel? The first, got a kiss; the second a kiss upon her hand; the third some real sympathy, and the last—a most unexpected proposal. The scene between Hazel and Bateson is excellent and amusing. The collected common sense and transparent honesty of that young lady provides in this conjunction a comedy of contrasts natural and yet rare. Watch Miss Betty Chanceller's expression after their first and, so far as the story goes, their last kiss. It is the *homme aux femmes* who is confused. There lies the fun. An English audience will also see, for once, a real Irish butler, and, what they are almost as unfamiliar with, an Irish county gentleman. Mr. Hennessy's "George Oliphant" may seem inconspicuous, but he is the real thing. "Bobbie Prendergast," in the hands of Mr. Blake Gifford, supplies an element of psycho-analytical folly and effeminate gush which helps other scenes along, which would be flat without his exuberant mimicry.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE MUSICAL SEASON

THE London musical season—which begins about the end of October and continues until the international opera season begins at Covent Garden about the end of April—has definitely started during the past week with the first concerts of the Royal Philharmonic Society, the Courtauld-Sargent Concert Club and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Before discussing these I wish to draw attention to several other events.

First in importance is Sadler's Wells. This theatre, under the management of Miss Lilian Baylis, was opened in 1931 and has been both an artistic and a financial success. It is, in my opinion, the most vital and valuable artistic institution in this country, producing opera and ballet weekly throughout the year, except for a short season in the summer. The theatre is closed on Monday nights; two nights a week are devoted to ballet and three to opera. The total debt of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells theatres has been reduced since 1931 from £30,000 to £15,000—which is a triumphant answer to those who say there is no popular public for the classical drama, opera and ballet. These are the only two permanent theatres in London which exist not for the primary purpose of making money for speculators or commercial syndicates backing plays, but for the purpose of giving to the public the best drama, opera and ballet with a wholehearted devotion to artistic ends. To help in this invaluable work a further £30,000 is wanted, of which £15,000 would go to clearing off the remaining debt and the other £15,000 to purchasing freehold land adjoining Sadler's Wells in order to deepen the stage, provide additional rehearsal rooms and scenery storage. If this were done it is estimated that £2,000 a year would be saved in storage, cartage and wear and tear of properties. It is a great pity nobody has approached Lord Nuffield for this amount; but surely somebody could be found who would be able to send a good-sized cheque to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir Reginald Rowe, 19 Old Buildings, Lincoln's Inn! It would be impossible for any philanthropist to find a more deserving object for his money or one calculated to do better social service.

In the meantime the country is not without generous patrons of music. Mr. Ernest Makower, who some years ago started the excellent series of sixpenny concerts at the London Museum, announces a fresh series of six recitals which are to form a "History of the Keyboard," and to take place on Wednesday evenings at 7.30 at the London Museum, admission sixpence, beginning on October 27th. Mr. Makower has had the excellent idea of making an arrangement with the People's Palace, Mile End Road, E.1, to give this same series of recitals there on Sunday afternoons at 4 o'clock, beginning on October 31st, for which there will be only one charge, namely one shilling, for admission. When I say that the artists engaged at Mr. Makower's expense for both these series are Schnabel, Egon Petri, Myra Hess, Louis Kentner, Smeterlin and Clifford Curzon, it is appreciable that this represents incomparable value for the money. It remains for the public to support these Sunday afternoon concerts at the People's Palace so that they may continue.

But one must not forget the pioneers in finding a new public for music, the late Mrs. Samuel Courtauld and her husband, who, since her death, has carried on the Concert Club into its ninth season with such success that this year its series of twin-concerts were all sold out before the first concert, which took place last Monday. The audiences at these concerts are entirely new to the concert hall, for the majority of them would not be able to afford the usual concert prices. The programme of this first concert consisted of Beethoven's C major and Schubert's C major symphonies with, in between, a new work by Stravinsky, a ballet entitled *Jeu de Cartes*, which the composer conducted. The music is remarkable for its masterly skill, beautiful sonority and clever invention. It is one of the best of its composer's later works, and is ideally conceived for ballet since the music constantly suggests choregraphic figures and situations to those who have any visual imagination. Stravinsky is undoubtedly the greatest composer of ballet music since Tchaikovsky, and one only has to compare *Jeu de Cartes* with Mr. Arthur Bliss's *Checkmate* to see how much more musically imaginative and inventive Stravinsky is, while the texture of his music, however complex, stimulates and delights instead of shocking the ear as Mr. Bliss is too prone to do.

Incidentally, it is a pleasure to praise Dr. Malcolm Sargent's conducting of the Beethoven and Schubert symphonies at this concert. He gave us clean, straightforward, correct and musicianly performances of a very high class; the only criticism I have to make is that he tends to be a little too academically rigid; but this is a fault on the right side, especially as he has regard to sonority and balance and never descends to mere noise. Some performances we hear in London are sadly lacking in this respect. Even Mr. Constant Lambert, excellent as he is at Sadler's Wells, is not altogether irreproachable in this matter. As for the B.B.C. Chorus I should imagine it is in for a thin time at its rehearsals with Toscanini for the Brahms Requiem, after hearing it in the Handel choruses at the Proms. A number of our musicians clearly need to be reminded of the story of Hans von Bülow and the first horn of the Meiningen orchestra. Von Bülow, taking his first rehearsal, stopped the orchestra and said to the first horn:

"*Forte*, Herr Hornist"; whereupon the hornist blew louder, and again von Bülow stopped and said, even more emphatically, "*forte*"; the same thing happened again, and at the third stopping the first horn said: "I am sorry, Herr von Bülow, but I really cannot blow any louder"; whereupon von Bülow retorted in his blandest and most sarcastic tones: "That is precisely why I told you to play *forte* and not *fortissimo!*"

In addition to the above concerts there are the excellent Beecham Sunday afternoon orchestral concerts at Covent Garden, which began last Sunday with a Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms programme, and there is a new venture, under Sir Thomas Beecham's patronage, started by a group of young musicians, giving a series of Sunday evening concerts at popular prices at the Cambridge Theatre, devoted to Mozart. The first concert of this series was held on Sunday, October 10th, and the next will be on Sunday, November 14th, at 8.30, when Miss Joan Cross will sing and Guy Jonson and Karl Ulrich Schnabel will each play a Mozart pianoforte concerto with the Haigh Marshall orchestra, conducted, on this occasion, by Reginald Goodall. The idea of these concerts is to make known the less-familiar works of Mozart, and to introduce young musicians to the public. The programmes are unusually interesting, and the first concert drew a large audience and promised well for the series.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Four Paintings at the National Gallery

There are only three pictures in the world which are more certainly by Giorgione than the panels which have just been acquired by the National Gallery. The purchase, therefore, is the most sensational that the Gallery has ever made. What is far more important, these little pictures are miraculously beautiful. Fresh and touching and poetic, they linger in the memory like lines of Shakespeare or a tune from *Figaro*. (They probably were decorations for a musical instrument). Like the greatest works of art, they communicate a transcendent experience, making one a momentary mystic, abolishing evil and reconciling one with the human race. They have no history, and the experts are likely to differ. (One has already hazarded the wildly improbable name of Palma!) But in face of such beauty, and remembering the *Tempesta*, we can only mutter "*Aut Giorgione aut Diabolus*."

The Life of Emile Zola, at the Carlton

A magnificent drama, the Dreyfus affair, but it has one unfortunate weakness. There is no hero, only a victim. All his innocence, all his sufferings, cannot make Captain Dreyfus a likeable or interesting man. Hollywood might easily have told one more historical whopper, and cast Gary Cooper or Robert Taylor for the part. Instead, Zola has been made the hero—justly, for his intervention was heroic—and Mr. Muni gives quite an acceptable portrait of the novelist. The film, however, comes alive only in the trial-scene: the dialogue is otherwise undramatic and puerile, the direction slow. We are shown a very un-Aryan Cézanne who behaves like a character in one of Mr. Locke's novels. We are shown, very boringly, the prototype of Nana, we are shown Mme. Zola, but of course we are not shown Jeanne Rozerot, the mother of his children. Zola dies the night before Dreyfus's reinstatement, instead of four years previously. But if the unnecessary alterations are many, the film in its essence is true, we are grateful for hearing Zola's passionate speeches in praise of Justice and Tolerance and Truth. Zola himself, Labori, Dreyfus and Mme. Dreyfus (Gale Sondergaard, a brilliant newcomer) were all excellent. This is an unusually well-intentioned film, and far more worth seeing than most. Yet what a chance has been missed! The Affair, and not a man, should have been the hero: we should see the contrasting forces throughout France, breaking up families, separating lovers; the whispers in sacristies and drawing-rooms, the high motives which led to base actions, the low motives, too, which rallied some to the defence of the innocent. But perhaps such a scenario could have proceeded from one imagination only, the most cinematographic imagination the world has ever known, that of Zola himself.

"Hide and Seek," at the Hippodrome

Musical comedy at its best is an excuse for good clowning, singing, and dancing, and it is quite fashionable to wear the excuse rather thin. *Hide and Seek* is a vehicle for Bobby Howes and Cicely Courtneidge. These two performers could hold the stage alone if necessary—a tandem would be enough for them—but tradition demands that they should be supported by several omnibuses full of cast and chorus. Tradition also requires that this chorus should appear in several sets of bright costumes in several picturesque situations. It all depends on whether or not you like tradition. The audience at the Hippodrome does. The clowning is excellent; Courtneidge and Howes teamed together for the first time "feed" each other beautifully. The singing and dancing are rather ordinary and none of the songs are likely to be hits. But if you like the stars you will like the show. It is going to be a success whether you like it or not.

Jacques-Emile Blanche, at Tooth's

M. Jacques-Emile Blanche is a painter comparable in talent and activity to our Sir John Lavery, but whereas Sir John has had many rivals, M. Blanche occupies a place apart. He has painted an extraordinary number of the most interesting figures of his time, and is certain of immortality in that French National Portrait Gallery which the French so unaccountably do not yet possess. Unfortunately his present Exhibition consists mostly of landscapes. Some of these already have a period charm; there is a carriage and pair, for instance, as well as an early motor-car in his *Downshire House*, and a gorgeous horse-bus in his *Sloane Street*. These paintings of London, Bath, Venice, Henley, Bournemouth, Brighton and Dorchester are able enough and painted with obvious enjoyment—a sketch of the Dieppe beach is specially charming—but the portrait of George Moore and the two portraits of Sickert are more stimulating. Fantin-Latour's accurate roses still somehow command high prices, but his portrait-groups are his claim to serious remembrance. M. Blanche has been similarly judicious in the choice of his sitters, and it is a pity that this show conceals the fact.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, October 22nd—
- Dance in aid of Cecile Booysen Clinic, New Burlington Galleries, 9. Tickets 5*s*.
- "Punch and Judy," Vaudeville.

SATURDAY, October 23rd—
- Jean Sterling Mackinlay Recital, Aeolian Hall, 3.
- I. P. C. First National Congress, University College. And on 24th.
- Film: "The Spanish Earth," made by Ernest Hemingway and Joris Ivens, Central Hall, 8. Tickets from Arts Peace Campaign, 31 Poland Street, GER. 4122.

SUNDAY, October 24th—
- S. K. Ratcliffe on "Some Impressions of Central Europe," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, October 25th—
- R. Robertus on "China: Should We Boycott Japanese Goods?" 39 Doughty Street, 8.30.
- British Puppet and Model Theatre Guild Exhibition, Victory House, Leicester Square, till Oct. 31st.

TUESDAY, October 26th—
- Dr. Wm. J. Rose on "Poland and the Struggle for Democracy in Europe," Friends House, 1.20.
- Prof. H. Levy on "Youth and the Future," Conway Hall, 7.
- W. Horsfall Carter on "The Irish Free State," Morley College, 8.
- "Rhapsody on Ice," Covent Garden.
- "Yes and No," Ambassadors.
- "Chu the Sinner," Embassy.

WEDNESDAY, October 27th—
- A Symposium on Law Reform. Speakers: Ronald Kidd, Alec Craig, Julius Lewin, Conway Hall, 8.
- Philip Jordan on "Spain," 5 Denbigh Mews, S.W.1, 8.

THURSDAY, October 28th—
- London Scots Self-Government Committee Supper, White Heather Restaurant, 75 Strand, 7.30.
- Royal Philharmonic Society Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- Vernon Bartlett on "The War Horizon," Friends Hall, 8.30.
- "The Unquiet Spirit," Gate.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

NOTHING is more striking in Galsworthy's picture of his own generation than the suspicion which the Forsytes felt whenever they came in contact with brilliance or originality. Galsworthy represents them as having an instinctive uneasy fear of the soul, and a belief that any soul that emits more light than the gentle glow of a cigar must be burning the candle at both ends—a non-stayer. Owing to this prejudice, the Englishman of that period who had the qualities necessary to climb to the top learned from his very earliest days at a public school to hide his intelligence under a mask of bluff heartiness or wood. To keep this up all through life needs either a lethargic nature or extreme cunning and duplicity: the wariness of a wild animal that knows it is death to be closely observed. Not everyone is endowed with this power of hiding his light under a bushel. In particular, the intelligent man with a large number of spontaneous active interests can never assume quite the right protective colouring of dullness and contempt for the life of the mind, and such a flashing figure, who would have been the glory of any other age, rouses our pity when we see him against the Edwardian background, looking as much out of place as a hoopoe among rooks. Thus the chief impression which is left by reading Sir Ronald Storrs' extraordinarily interesting autobiography, *Orientations* (Nicholson and Watson, 21*s.*), is that of a man who did well in spite of handicaps. He might indeed be a subject for one of Mrs. MacCarthy's charming essays on the halt and the blind who won through to become Postmaster-General or edit a newspaper. Sir Ronald Storrs is actively musical, and continual contact with the literature and art of the world is as necessary to him as to eat salt with his food. He was so constituted, moreover, that these preoccupations could not be indulged as private vices, but had to be enjoyed as civilised and social pleasures. If he had picked his friends and lived in England, all this might have been managed without scandal, but it was his fate to live in Egypt and serve as Oriental Secretary to a series of Proconsuls. T. E. Lawrence describes going with him to visit a colonel "who received us stiffly, being of the honest, downright Englishmen to whom Storrs was suspect if only for his artistic sense." A good deal of brain and ingenuity was occupied in hiding. Such activities are symbolised by the following passage from his diary:

> Lost two games of chess to Admiral with such skill that his opinion of my game sunk very low. But he is almost as difficult as Lord K(itchener) to force into victory. As Muhammad said: "Verily God shall cause men to smile when they see persons being hauled to paradise in chains."

* * *

Orientations is, apart from the character and gifts of the author, a most important record of the Near East, since it covers the pre-war administrations of Egypt under Cromer, Gorst and Kitchener, the extraordinary confusion of the war, with the Arab Revolt emerging after the horrible failure of Gallipoli, and the administration of Palestine from the capture of Jerusalem until 1926. For those eight years Storrs was Governor of Jerusalem, and for the next six Governor of Cyprus. In spite of aesthetic sensibility and intellectual brilliance there are indications that Storrs, more than most men, is limited by the habits, though not by the prejudices, of his class. In 1917 he attempted to travel from Kuweit to Nejd in order to improve our understanding with Ibn Saud. The journey in the heat of summer was one which would have tried a Doughty or a Lawrence to the uttermost, and it is not surprising that Storrs lacked the physical toughness which was necessary and that, after severe sunstroke, he had to abandon the attempt. What is surprising is that the whole attempt was from the first seen as a thoroughly uncongenial duty rather than a romantic adventure: "Hamilton is good with Arabs, sitting on the ground and tearing flesh with his fingers. Deeply as I dislike these *saletés*, I shall force myself to them once we are under way, when occasion requires." In one or two places there are signs that he could be deeply wounded by the sort of abusive criticism which other men would scarcely mind at all. In a Paris theatre, "three scurrilous and ignoble attacks upon the motives and honour of England" reduced him to a "misery of impotent indignation." How, one wonders, could this fine china cup, which should have been on an English tea-table, survive so long among all the iron and brass vessels of the warring Semites and Levantines? Theocritus, Homer, Blake and Henry James—Bach, Handel and Beethoven, and the loved collection of Greek marbles, Bokhara rugs, Byzantine icons and a first edition of *Candide* bought on David's bookstall formed the padding that prevented breakage. After a severe bruising owing to being thrown out of his chair in a storm at sea, one finds the following typical entry quoted from his diary:

> Read Kipling's *Diversities*, Steevens's *India*, Wells's *War*, *Dynamiter*, and a little Graham Wallas and Metchnikoff, but with fatigue and unease. All his youth R. K. gaped upon high officials from an Indian Grub Street and now, admitted to share the breezy shop of Colonial Ministers, he records with smug pride their uninteresting indecorums. Yet with a gift of writing, for immediate effect, almost beyond belief. But for stimulus and constructive criticism and suggestion, young Britain should be fed on Wells.

* * *

The child born with a silver spoon in its mouth does not grow up an *enfant terrible:* and Storrs' weakness is that he accepts the existing hierarchy without question. Royalties seem always to have impressed him, quite genuinely, by their kingly qualities:

> Several other men of outstanding personality passed through Cairo during the war. Like Lawrence they were not necessarily of the highest civil or military rank.

It is unfair perhaps to isolate that "not necessarily," yet it serves to indicate the inevitable limitations which come from living in the centre of affairs and of wielding power. Otherwise one would have nothing but unrelieved praise for a book so full of charming sketches of fascinating people, and of the revealing chapters on British rule in Egypt and on the Zionists in Palestine. He has also a pretty wit, as when he wrote to Allenby:

> I presume it is no part of the Military Administration to decide upon the intrinsic merits of miraculous manifestations. . . .

—or when he explains the water shortage which followed the capture of Jerusalem by "the sudden demand for bath-water contravening all tradition." There is an admirable dryness with which he records such misadventures as the following:

> We had one friend, the Sultan of Lahaj, whom I had met in Cairo. During the alarum of the Turkish attack, our troops had been sent to defend Lahaj, and a mettlesome (but unknown) warrior observing a suspicious character on the Palace balcony, shot the Sultan dead. We had plenty to do quite apart from this inadjustable affair.

There is also an immediate tenderness for those in distress which showed itself in concern for a captured Turkish soldier, falling out on the march, or in the description of wicked old King Husain who took refuge in Cyprus, after Ibn Saud had taken Mecca:

> Almost the only remaining joy in his life was in his two or three beautiful Arab mares. Zahra, the gentlest and most graceful, would step delicately up the flight of marble stairs from the garden and walk without any shyness into the Selamlik, to be greeted by cries . . . The king would call her "*Qurrat-al Ain*"—"Cooling of the eyelids"—and offer her dates which she would eat slowly, never failing to eject the stones on to a plate. One morning he appeared at Government House, begged to see me at once, flung himself into my arms and burst into tears. He had reason, for a dastardly dismissed groom had ripped Zahra and her sisters in the night to discredit his successor, and their master had found them dying in agony.

Orientations is a book that everyone ought to read just now if only for the sake of its extraordinarily impartial presentation of the conflict between Jew and Arab in Palestine.

DAVID GARNETT

TWO TRANSLATIONS

The Story of Odysseus. (A translation of Homer's *Odyssey* into plain English.) By W. H. D. ROUSE. *Nelson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Lucretius: De Rerum Natura. Translated into English by R. C. TREVELYAN. *Cambridge University Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

There are many ways of translating Homer, some good, some bad. Dr. Rouse's way is certainly not one of the worst, but I do not think it is the best. He makes a sweeping condemnation of the existing translations: they are "all filled with affectations and attempts at poetic language which Homer himself is quite free from. Homer speaks naturally, and we must do the same." And so (at the instigation of Mr. Ezra Pound, who we are told is "the onlie begetter of this book"), Dr. Rouse has put the *Odyssey* into "plain English." Now Homer's naturalness—his plainness of thought and plainness of diction—is of course no new discovery. It was emphasised by Matthew Arnold and by many before and after him. Few, indeed, would agree with the late T. E. Lawrence, who, while he regarded the *Odyssey* as a first-class story, was contemptuous of its author and decried its "Wardour Street Greek." But what does Homer's plainness mean? It surely does not exclude the use of a good deal of "poetic language," which, *pace* Dr. Rouse, may very properly be translated in the same style? That is not a defence of Pope's fancies and pomposities; it is simply to say that we want colour, as well as some dignity, in our Homer. Dr. Rouse is too ready to sacrifice both. He comes very near to reversing the maxim on which Lawrence worked in his translation of the *Odyssey*—"wherever choice offered between a poor and a rich word, richness had it." Lawrence no doubt overdid the richness; Dr. Rouse underdoes it. Take the passage at the beginning of the sixth Book, where Nausicaa addresses her father, and which is rendered thus:

> Daddy dear, couldn't you let me have a good big cart with plenty of room? because I want to take our best clothes to the river and give them a wash: they are lying in a dirty heap. You know what is proper for yourself when you are with their worships passing resolutions, you must have clean clothes.

That is doubtless preferable to Pope's—

> Will my dread sire his ear regardful deign,
> And may his child the royal ear obtain?
> Say, with thy garments shall I bend my way,
> Where through the vales the mazy waters stray?
> A dignity of dress adorns the great,
> And kings draw lustre from the robes of state.

But is there not a middle way which is better? Dr. Rouse has a learned and very interesting appendix on "Homer's words." He does not go into the old controversy as to whether the two great Homeric epics were the work of one and the same person, but argues that the author of the *Odyssey* was a bard whose language was that of the people to whom he sang. This is a view which is decidedly open to question; but even assuming it was so, and granting further that it is desirable to have an English translation of the *Odyssey* to-day which shall be understanded of the people, must it strain after so extreme a simplicity and modernity? Is the Bible unintelligible or less appreciated in the Anglican Version than in Dr. Moffat's twentieth-century-man-in-the-street rendering?

In some passages Dr. Rouse seeks to improve on his original. For example, he translates "Νύμφη πότνια . . . Καλυψὼ δῖα θεάων by "a witch, Calypso, a radiant creature, and herself one of the great family of gods." This may be plain English (though "radiant creature" is hardly a "natural" phrase); but it is a good deal more than the Greek says. Nor, again, does Homer distinguish between the speech of the "lower orders"—the nurse, the swineherd and the rest—and that of their masters. Dr. Rouse makes them talk in a peculiar dialect. Here, for instance, is Eurycleia addressing Telemachus:—

> Eh, what on earth put that into thi head, love? Why wilta go to foreign parts, and tha an only son, and reet well loved? . . . Aye, and if tha goes, they'll up and plot against tha by and by, to murder thee by some trick, and all that's here they will share among 'em.

But one need not perhaps be too critical of this device, which many will think adds vividness to the story. Vividness is, indeed, the great merit of the whole translation, which helps to offset its vice. But how much greater might have been its merit, one wonders, and how much less the vice, if Dr. Rouse had not been got at by Mr. Ezra Pound?

From the *Odyssey* to the *De Rerum Natura* is a far cry, and it would be absurd to institute comparisons between their translators. Lucretius' great poem combines passages of pure poetry with an exposition of a philosophical system and of scientific, or what then passed for scientific, theories. His own genius and the Latin hexameter enabled him to triumph over the difficulty his matter presented. The modern man is not much disposed to reading his science or philosophy in a verse form, and the English translator has a less adequate medium than the Roman. Mr. Trevelyan rightly rejects the English hexameter and, for different and even more cogent reasons (see what Dryden does to Lucretius!), he rejects the rhymed couplet. The blank verse which he adopts is the best, and his translation, taken as a whole, is first rate. He is, as he determined he would be, "scrupulously faithful in word and phrase;" his poetry, though he cannot reproduce the sonorous cadences of the Latin, is poetry; and he carries us successfully over the heavier didactic passages. A valuable addition to the book is an essay on Macaulay's *Marginalia*, by Mr. H. Sykes Davies. Macaulay was a keen student and lover of Lucretius; but, as his marginal notes show, he read him in the wrong spirit. Mr. Davies suggests the right way to read him, in order to enjoy and appreciate not merely bits, but the whole of the *De Rerum Natura*.

C. M. LLOYD

NEW NOVELS

Sally Bowles. By CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD. *Hogarth Press.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
Little Children. By WILLIAM SAROYAN. *Faber and Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
A Childhood. By FRANCESCA ALLINSON. *Hogarth Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Sparrow Farm. By HANS FALLADA. *Putnam.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Life with Mother. By CLARENCE DAY. *Chatto and Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
Coming from the Fair. By NORAH HOULT. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Isherwood lengths ahead. And it is only a little Isherwood too, another Berlin fragment to add to those that have already appeared in *New Writing*. They will soon make a tidy department of that *Comédie Humaine* which we begin to expect from this author. *Scènes de la vie de Berlin!* Old Berlin, that is to say; pre-Hitler Berlin, the Berlin that is now one with Nineveh and Tyre, mourned by party-boys and Party boys alike. Mr. Isherwood was there, around and about like Mr. Runyon in New York. One heard tell of him in the bars: *Kennen Sie 'nen englischen Schriftsteller, einen Herrn Ish-air-vood?* No, we didn't know him then, but we do now. He has done for the mad days of Berlin what George Moore did for the mad days of Paris. In the 'seventies Paris, defeated and humiliated, flung herself into bouts of fantastic revelry. In the 'twenties and early 'thirties it was Germany's turn; and, with the Teutonic passion for thoroughness, fortified by moral scepticism and the Freudian injunction to banish repressions, she set a pace which would have left poor G. M. shocked and bewildered. But not Mr. Isherwood. He succeeded in keeping his head in Berlin, knowing not only what was boring and silly then, but what would appear boring and silly years afterwards. He went about, meeting everyone he would be likely to want; not, like Moore, the artists—and here he showed his usual sense, for who wants to know a German artist?—nor yet the Names That Make News. No, he chose to explore the world of landladies, down-and-outs, bar-attendants, sixth-rate actresses, political hangers-on, spongers, puzzle-headed but resolute young Nazis and Communists, wily Jews, bad Barons and tired tarts. As material for tragi-comedy there has been nothing like it since Mr. Sean O'Casey's Dublin. He gave English lessons: they provided an admirable *Querschnitt* through the middle-class. Everybody liked him, confided in him, mothered him if they got a chance. Frl. Schroeder, his adorable landlady (she comes into everything since *Mr. Norris*), coos over him and calls him "Herr Issyvoo"; and all the time Herr Issyvoo was watching her with a sharp if affectionate eye. Thus, when he introduces into the household a girl named Sally Bowles, Frl. Schroeder regards her as his property and is shocked when she brings Klaus back for the night. "I am sure, however," he adds, "that if I hadn't known about the affair, and if Sally had really been deceiving me, Frl. Schroeder would have assisted at the conspiracy with the greatest relish."

Sally Bowles does not go so deep as *The Novaks*, and naturally has not time to develop the larger lunacy of *Mr. Norris Changes Trains*. But as a specimen of the easy-going, good-natured *conte* it is irresistible, and its readability is fabulous: the novelists we

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generally term readable are Blue Books to Mr. Isherwood. This quality of his derives partly from his eye for detail and ear for dialogue; but principally from his flair for selection. He knows what to leave out, and of how many novelists can we say that? Not for him the inventory-maker's desolating trudge around the room: carpet just so, chairs just so, curtains just so—one a little frayed at the edge. Instead, a touch or two gives us an interior; another stroke, and we have the very look and mentality of a character: the absurdly amorous Fritz, for example, who rolls his naughty black eyes, and speaks bad English with a drawl: "On the average I'm having a big affair every two years." Sally Bowles herself, an English miss self-consciously off the county rails, is little more than a sketch; but how boldly and firmly the author has traced her outline. What I want to know is: how many Mass Observers equal one Isherwood?

Mr. Saroyan, whose honest, witty talent I greatly admire, makes no advance in his new book (carelessly printed, in my copy, at least). In *The Gay and Melancholy Flux*, a few good stories (not the best) were about children, and now he has had the notion of devoting almost an entire volume to the small children of small American towns. All the stories are fresh and charming, and often pathetic too, with a pathos that has no sentimentality in it; and the author is beginning to curb that tendency towards long-winded Whitmanesque rhapsody which marred our enjoyment of his earlier work: "The Messenger" is both taut and true. But nothing is so touching as the story called "Love" in his last book, or so funny as several others whose names I have forgotten. The fact is, Mr. Saroyan is at an awkward corner in his career. The thought of "literature" is as repellent to him as to Hemingway; but he probably guesses that his native idiom—snappy, repetitive, swinging the Old Testament—is incapable of much further development, and cannot support the complex structure of a genuine novel. His style is a mould into which all his ideas have to fit; some of them won't and, dreading artificiality, he cannot bear to scrap the mould and cast another in its place. Hence his temporary retreat into childhood. But the book is pretty good at that.

Miss Allinson's childhood is very different from that of Saroyan's tough little guys. Her Charlotte is somewhere between nine and fourteen, the daughter of a rather impecunious free-thinking scientist; and the book one more of those detailed narratives, "seen through a child's eyes," of nurseries, grown-ups, streets, journeys and the rest. Provided the author is sincere and has a good memory, I can stand a good deal of this sort of thing; it is always fun to hear about other people's first impressions and compare them with our own. Miss Allinson begins so well with the sensations of illness and convalescence that I looked forward to a cosy, reminiscent evening in her company. Here is a passage which pleasantly conjures up the world of nursery ethics:

> Frilly and I between us had invented a little girl, just my age and height, called Lizzie Simpkins, who took over the burden of my naughtinesses. I, Charlotte, was always good: when I was not, then it was poor Lizzie who committed my sins and took my place. . . . Perhaps the chief of the many advantages which came from this sharing of one person was the ease that it bestowed upon contritions; Charlotte's reappearance could be welcomed as ingenuously by myself as by Frilly, and I staged my come-backs as a famous old actress might have done. I sulked only so long as sulking was enjoyable; when I had grown weary of retirement, I peeped through half-closed fingers to decide whether the right moment had come for a swift apology; then, having said I was sorry, I gave myself up to the climax of kisses and hugs that I had earned, and treated myself to the luxury of lamenting Lizzie Simpkins' deplorable attack of tantrums.

This level is not however sustained; the later chapters are a shade arty and painstaking, and an Uncle Robert wanders in through the french windows of *Dear Brutus*: "I am not a very happy person, Charlotte, because I am so often lonely. When I was a younger man, I met a very lovable lady that I wanted to marry. . . . But she married somebody she liked better than me, and so I am the rather funny Uncle that you know." Of course the loyal little girl chirps: "You're not a bit funny—except in a nice way"; and of course Uncle R. gives her a "half-comical, half-rueful smile."

Next, please. What, *more* fragrance! It may be because I have a cold, but I cannot appreciate the bouquet of Hans Fallada's fairy-tale, though I can *see* that it is as fragrant as can be. A little overworked clerk turns into a sparrow (Little Man, What Next?) and flies off to a farm tenanted by unknown relatives. There he becomes involved with a lot of Good and Wicked Mortals and Witches, and no doubt if you succeed in getting to the end you will find the little fellow ecstatically triumphant. Let us look at the last paragraph and see. Yes, there he is:

> "What need has man of wings!" cried Guntram joyously to his Monica, "has he not love?" She said no more, but flew into his arms—and into the bliss of the seventh heaven.

Now why, you say, be so grumpy about a dear little slice of German gingerbread? The blurb is all a-quiver with the thought of the Brothers Grimm, and a "Foreword by the Diffident Author" himself speaks, diffidently of course, of E. T. A. Hoffmann. Perhaps, if it had appeared a hundred years ago, Schumann would have jumped for joy and composed a delicious suite around its characters. But in 1937 the simplicity seems a little *voulu*; you need not be very tough to feel it; or to reflect that real life is no longer a permissible subject in the Third Reich.

Life with Father was a delightful book, and much of its humour survives in the sequel. Some however of these sketches suggest material not quite good enough for the first book, and now gathered together (posthumously) in view of its great popularity. The charm of the Day family consists largely in the complete unselfconsciousness of *both* parents. Half the fun would have evaporated had Mother been a meek conventional creature overwhelmed by Father's pugnacious energy; but, as we already knew, she was herself a most decided woman, and her "Why, Clare!" rings no less vividly in our ears than his "Damn it, Vinnie." This is not a book for those who missed *Life with Father*, but all admirers of the Day family will want to read it. It is like turning over the pages of a photograph album; not all the pictures have come out very well, but we can always recognise our old friends; and the period background is more amusingly distinct than ever.

With Miss Norah Hoult we say good-bye alike to childhood and whimsy. If this has been an over-fragrant week, she will make amends. *Coming from the Fair*, a sequel to *Holy Ireland*, continues the story of the O'Neill family from the death of its founder, a successful cattle-dealer, and is chiefly concerned with the alcoholic career of his heir Charles. His decline is set forth in a series of expansive scenes in the course of which we contrive to overhear the bar talk of bohemian Dublin for the last 35 years; but the best thing in the book comes earlier. It is the unforgettable picture of man and beast buffeted by a storm which overtakes a cattle-boat

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between Dublin and Liverpool. For her Dublin scenes Miss Hoult has drawn upon many of her friends for their reminiscences, which give political and intellectual colour to the pub conversations, and, incidentally, provide a useful anthology of the unpublished improvisations, scatological or irreverent, of the elder generation. Cynicism is the feature of the Irish character that she has most sharply observed, but she sees also, in the middle of the cynicism, the curious unworldliness of the Irish temperament; so that her book does justice to the strength as well as the frailty of the lower-middle-class Catholicism of Ireland.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

PRESS AND PROPAGANDA

The Press and World Affairs. By ROBERT W. DESMOND. Introduction by HAROLD J. LASKI. *Appleton-Century.* 10s.

Nowadays any man in the club or on the bus is liable to tell you that he "does not believe a word he reads" in the newspapers. He may even add something sinister about the pressure of financial interests, sensational journalists and megalomaniac proprietors. Of course, he over-estimates both his own scepticism and the unreliability of newspapers. But his remarks illustrate an important and dangerous tendency. In Germany and Italy this scepticism of the democratic press had gone so far that people complained comparatively little when the liberties of the press were attacked; they discovered too late that bad as the capitalist controlled democratic press might have seemed it was all honesty and enlightenment compared to the State-controlled press of Mussolini and Goebbels.

Therefore a book like Mr. Desmond's which provides the material for a more just appreciation of the merits and demerits of the existing press is of real importance. It helps us first to get rid of the notion of some abstract and absolute liberty of the press. When the battle for the freedom of the press was fought the enemy was the State and the object was to procure a legal independence which would enable the press—so the champions of freedom believed—to tell the truth without restraint. They did not realise how many questions they were begging in this assumption. They did not know how few people really wanted the truth, nor how difficult it is to know what truth means; they could not guess that the result of legal liberty would be the formation of press trusts which would substitute the will of the millionaire proprietor for that of the official censor. Even to-day it is very imperfectly realised that every newspaper is a selection from an enormous body of material which must be sorted out and sifted by somebody in accordance with the prejudices and purposes of some interest or other. The selection is made for reasons of circulation or because it supports a chosen line of policy or because it pleases some individual or group—usually a combination of all of these. The case for the democratic press as against the dictated press is not then that the newspaper under democracy is completely "free" (whatever that means), but that in democratic conditions we have the advantage of a variety of papers under different types of control, more responsive to our needs than the press in a dictatorship and, taken together, giving a far wider and juster view of the world in which we live. Everyone under our democracy can find some medium of public expression and some paper to print information which the authorities might prefer suppressed. And, having this more varied and sane chance of knowing what is happening, we can influence events, criticise our Government and if necessary and in time change it.

The task of analysing the actual influences brought to bear on the press is extremely complicated. Many of the facts are obscure. Who owns the various international agencies? What are the differences in types of control exercised over the British, French and the United States press? From what countries can we hope that special correspondents would be allowed to send honest reports? What are the different methods of censorship in use in Berlin, Rome, Moscow, Budapest and Belgrade? No one has ever assembled so many facts of this kind in a single book as Mr. Desmond. He has done an invaluable piece of research. He has studied press conditions, not only in Europe and the United States, but also in Asia, Africa, South America and the Far East. The result is a book that at once becomes a standard work of reference for the student of public opinion. It is not particularly well written. It sustains no thesis—Mr. Desmond is a working journalist who keeps his opinions, if he has any, to himself; he shows no peculiar grasp of the problems of social psychology and political organisation which are inevitably raised by the facts he cites. But as a collection of facts of a kind which it is hard for the layman to come by, the book is important and unusual.

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FANNY KEATS

Fanny Keats. By MARIE ADAMI. *Murray.* 10s. 6d.

Pleasant (as Pope remarked) to observe in amber the straws, insects and specks of dust on which their imprisonment has conferred an unexpected immortality: and something of the same interest often attaches itself to the humble companions and camp-followers of literary greatness. Fanny Keats was neither a brilliant nor a beautiful woman. She said goodbye to her brother John when she was seventeen: though he thought of her constantly—once declaring that she walked about in his memory like a ghost—he did not write to her during the last tragic months in Italy: and when, in 1826, she married a foreigner, she began a new life that presently cut her off from England. Starting with these, it must be admitted, slightly exiguous materials, Mrs. Adami has woven around Keats' only sister a careful and neatly constructed little narrative. She makes no extravagant claim for her subject's intelligence: but, while the tone she has adopted is occasionally diffident, it never becomes positively apologetic: and her quiet absorption in her heroine has an effect on the reader. One drifts agreeably through the pages of this small-beer chronicle. It is seldom exciting: but, equally, it is never pretentious.

Method and subject-matter are admirably suited. Fanny Keats was a gentle, reserved, unintellectual young girl who (as soon as she had escaped from the rather oppressive guardianship of Richard Abbey) developed into a capable, affectionate woman and learned to manage a difficult family with some success. She had none of her brother's genius, none of his passion. One thinks of the line of land-owning eccentrics who produced that arch-crank, grand eccentric, Percy Bysshe Shelley: studying Byron's life, it is easy to see how the violence and instability of numerous Byron and Gordon forbears coalesced to model Childe Harold's character; but, in the Keats family, John seems to occur as an accident. Possibly, we should make an exception for the short-lived Tom:

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George, on the other hand, strikes us as an uninteresting and unoriginal personage: while their sister was as limited as she was good and modest. Yet Keats was devoted to all three. His affection, his solicitude, his sympathy (which was practical and sensible, rather than expansively sentimental) proved Fanny's support and comfort during dull, constrained years that she spent under Richard Abbey's tutelage; and she continued to worship his memory, although, till the end of her life, she had no very definite idea of his literary importance.

The whole story of their relationship makes pleasant reading. Affection is one of those commodities which must not only be supplied in the right quantity, but also disposed of in a becoming manner. As in every episode of his life, we are impressed by the strain of gravity and sincerity in Keats' temperament that counterbalanced a strain of passionate sensitiveness. How different from the orgies of unscrupulous emotionalism, of feeling for feeling's sake, indulged in by a Byron—the high-minded, crack-brained intensity cultivated by the author of *Adonais*, to his own confusion and the eventual detriment of all around him. Keats' character had a romantic colouring but a classical outline. Only under the stress of his "one profound passion" did his *gravitas* show signs of giving way: and, even then, he revealed a capacity for resignation. Perhaps Fanny had a little of his interior strength: but it was not dignified by any intellectual lustre.

Naturally, the first half of Mrs. Adami's book is the more interesting. Here she deals with the antecedents, as far as they are known, of the Keats family—with the children's tranquil existence, after their father's early death, under the roof of their good old grandmother, Mrs. Jennings—and with the ominous appearance of their commercial guardian, who has been described by a French critic as "le sinistre Richard Abbey" but who, in real life, turns out to have been a stupid, pompous, unimaginative but not fundamentally ill-intentioned person—the type of business-man who arrives home from his office, expects to be told "all the news," reduces his dependants to sulky or apathetic silence and then complains bitterly that they do not talk. It was during her long stay with the Abbeys that Fanny and John managed to draw closest together. He helped, consoled, advised, assisted with all kinds of minor services; and when Fanny—evidently not a very bright girl—was at a loss how to reply to a questionnaire drawn up by the clergyman who was preparing her for confirmation, John set to work and patiently produced the answers, signing himself: *Your affectionate Parson John.*

Fanny Keats' escape came with her majority. She left the Abbeys, joined the cheerful Hampstead circle formed by the Dilkes, Brawnes and their friends, and in 1826 married a romantic Spanish exile, Valentin Maria Llanos y Gutierrez, a lean, dusky, good-looking young man who had known Keats and Severn at the Piazza di Spagna. Of her later life, there is comparatively little to tell. She bore a family: two of her children themselves produced offspring: Valentin Llanos lost money, his wife weathered the usual domestic troubles, cared for her grandchildren and occasionally corresponded with her brother's admirers, finally obtaining through their mediation a small government allowance. During the 'sixties, she and her husband visited Rome, where her son-in-law, Leopold Brockmann, was engaged in the construction of the State railways, and she had an opportunity of meeting Joseph Severn, English consul in Rome since 1861, hearing his account of Keats' last days and making a pilgrimage to the tomb in the Protestant cemetery. It was at this time, too, that she encountered Frederick Locker-Lampson, who left, in the volume entitled *My Confidences*, the only description of John Keats' sister that has ever found its way into print. "She was fat, blonde and lymphatic (he remembered). . . . She seemed inert and had nothing to tell me of her wizard brother, of whom she spoke as of a mystery—with vague admiration but with genuine affection. She was simple and natural. I believe she is a very worthy woman. . . ." Fanny Keats died in 1889. Two of her grandchildren, Elena and Henrique Brockmann, are still living in the family apartment in Madrid; and Mrs. Adami draws an engaging picture of their cloistered existence. This summer, they wrote that they were "alive and well" and had no intention of deserting their native city.

PETER QUENNELL

Life in Modern Europe

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By Bruno Frank

Translated from the German by CYRUS BROOKS

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LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AMUSE

Cecil Beaton's Scrapbook. *Batsford.* 21s.

When Mr. Beaton, wearing a composed expression and a lot of white lace, was held over the font, one godmother gave him the ability of a business-man and another gave him the nature of an artist, but the third gave him a distaste for a business career, and an incapacity for serious art. The consequence has been a remarkably successful life as a photographer, stage-designer and journalist. The first interest of this *Scrapbook*, which is an anthology of Mr. Beaton's photographs, drawings and writings, is the portrait it paints of Mr. Beaton.

> The cottage becomes a bower of streamers; the nursery is festooned with tropical garlands of emerald, puce-pink and white paper; a fir-tree is set in a tub and sprinkled with constellations of glass stars, pears, prickly tinsel, birds with spun-glass tails, arrows, comets, banjoes, trumpets, icicles, silver hair, angels and cherubs made of wax or paper, coloured candles, balls and crackers (from whose gelatinous clouds cherubs peep between their wings). On the tree-top, in precarious splendour, reigns the pink, sausage-limbed fairy doll, spangled spirit complementing the tiara in her peroxided hair. . . .

Add to this Christmas scene a ravishingly pretty mother in the Edwardian uniform—a wasp-waist, feather-boa, diamond bangles and hat loaded with Birds of Paradise—then you have the childish impressions which ever since have governed Mr. Beaton's taste. He might have used this scintillating apparatus as the French painters have used musical instruments, pierrots and playing-cards—if that gate-crashing godmother had not intervened. As it is, he has made them not great art, but great fun. His *Scrapbook* is bound in stripey wall-paper bedizened with lilac and roses, such as enlivened Boer War drawing-rooms. And when he takes photographs, he enjoys encumbering his sitters with lace and wings and feathers and wreaths, till they look as silly and unreal as the fairy-doll on the top of his Christmas-tree. But perhaps they are just as silly and unreal?

Look at the full-page water-colour drawing of a room with two figures in it. The male wears white trousers, brown shoes, and a beige sweater to match the inevitable beige of the carpet, curtains and sofa. His face is innocent of all meaning. The female, in bright red trousers and grey hair, is toying with a dog which is probably as expensive as the Chinese wall-paper. The tailor, the dressmaker, the shoemaker, the hairdresser, the interior-

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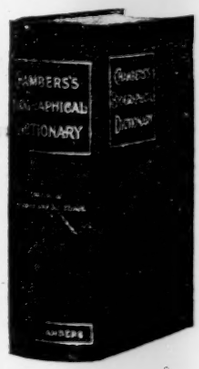

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decorator and the dog-breeder have all done their bit. For which of these is this an advertisement? Or is it for Listerine? No, it is a portrait of a Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Williams in their Palm Beach habitat. The satire, of course, is quite unconscious. Human vanity is more unplumbable than the Tuscarora Deep, and when Mr. Beaton piles round his sitters a Pelion of artificial flowers on top of an Ossa of cellophane, they evidently like it. The resulting photographs are often as comic as Boldini, as cruel as Sem. But this of course, is quite unintentional.

Mr. Beaton includes in his *Scrapbook* some description of film-stars whom he has photographed.

> Norma Shearer's face is so clean one could eat off it. . . . She has not the gift of silence.
>
> Marlene Dietrich is self-conscious and throws back her head with a toss of curls, followed by a knowing "little-girl" look which I have not detected on the screen; with raised eyebrows and lowered lids, she glances down her eyelashes, bares her teeth and gurgles. . . . She looks more and more beautiful, and more and more dumb. It is Marlene's downfall, for in displaying her comparatively recently discovered face and highly insured legs, she has forgotten to be an actress.
>
> No mystic has given greater concentration to his ideal than Miss Crawford has to herself. By looking, looking, looking into the mirror, pulling every sort of face, by staring, staring, staring, she has, by degrees, completely altered her appearance. No fakir has inflicted greater self-torture. She has starved herself ill in order to be hipless and, to acquire an oval face and predominant cheek-bones, she has exaggerated her features so that she is now tooth-conscious, and swallowing seems to be an elaborate process with her. Her lips curl and her classic nose gives a static sniff as if the cream-cheese had slightly turned.

Oh, yes, Mr. Beaton's satire is quite unconscious.

He has photographed everyone from the Duchess of Gloucester down to Picasso, but he seems to me more successful with architecture than with human beings. Perhaps he prefers architecture—in any case, the views of Tunisia, Mexico and Haiti are stunning, and I wish he would give us many more. (But, please, no more photographs intended to resemble pictures by Greco or suchlike!) His theatre-designs are unequal. He sometimes overloads the costumes with details which cannot get across, but his work for the Sadler's Wells *Apparitions* was effectively delightful, and some sketches in the *Scrap book* for a blackamoor ballet look enchanting.

I think myself that Mr. Beaton is even more ingenious with his pen than with his lens or his paint brush, and I wish he would write a whole devastating book about the world which, rather unsuccessfully, makes amusing itself a whole-time job.

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APOLOGIA

Soviet Understanding. By RICHARD TERRELL. *Heinemann. 7s. 6d.*

This book is a philosophic defence of the Soviet regime—by which the author really means the Stalin regime, though he never attempts any distinction between Leninism and Stalinism; while Trotsky's "permanent revolution" is dismissed in a footnote as being "concerned largely with certain considerations of international politics." I found some parts of the book brilliant; and others "long-winded, pompous, and obscure," to use Mr. Terrell's own phrase. But it is a stimulating essay, and if the author annoys a great many people with it, I am sure he will be only too pleased. The book sets out to be a Marxist defence of the Stalin regime (though Stalin, as already said, is scarcely mentioned), and tries (though without any concrete examples) to demonstrate the fact that the Soviet citizen is a peculiar animal who does not think in "Western" terms. Mr. Terrell finds it satisfactory that there should exist for the young Soviet citizen "a simple scheme of ideas by reference to which all questions may be answered." How much luckier is he than "the modern Western man. . . . No creature knew so much before, and yet so little!"

Mr. Terrell is

> trying to use Russia as a guide post, as it were, to a certain relativism. We must measure our ideas not according to their ideal rightness or wrongness, but according to the logical survival value in the kind of world in which we happen to live. This is the essence of Marxism.

This leads him on to the confession which will make many a reader squirm:

> When I see a tired, hungry workman in Italy I burn with a terrible rage and hatred of Fascism. When I see one in the Soviet Union I do not burn with rage at all. In other words, I am not interested in things as they are . . . so much as in the direction in which these things are moving.

Nor does Mr. Terrell allow himself to be impressed by the arguments of Western Liberals, for whom he has a boundless contempt:

> It is quite useless (he says) to think of Russia, or of any great cataract in the flow of historical time if all observed phenomena are to be judged merely from the viewpoint of some timeless desiderata; say, of political liberty.

Happiness, therefore, in Soviet Russia is something different from happiness elsewhere. As distinct from Russia, "it is the quality, not the quantity of happiness and misery that is unknown to the Socialists of our municipal borough elections," Mr. Terrell says scathingly. Personally, I don't find this very convincing—nor very clear. The beauty of Russia, if one understands Mr. Terrell rightly, is that the present "dictatorship of the proletariat" (which he accepts, without any questioning, as a fact)

> is based upon the recognition for the first time in history of the class connection between economics and politics. This has enabled mankind, in Russia, to govern its affairs, not in virtue of a mere philosophy, a mere "ideal" . . . but under the aegis of the recognition of the inseparable unity of political ideas and economic facts.

One could quote a great deal more of Mr. Terrell—for instance, his affirmation that the "human nature" argument—the argument according to which a return to a class society is sooner or later inevitable—does not hold good in Russia (by the way, is there not a dangerous tendency in Russia to re-create a "class society," with the bureaucracy as the ruling class?). But Mr. Terrell ignores this, as he ignores a great many other things, such as the strong reactions, in Russia itself, against a purely materialistic form of civilisation; or the peculiar nationalism and even jingoism of the Stalin regimes. And the world revolution? Here Mr. Terrell rather indicates that Stalin will succeed where Lenin and Trotsky have failed. Barring war, Russia will reach such a high standard of economic perfection that the rest of the world will realise

> that revolution is no mere question of a violent change of government, but a fundamental readaptation, not only of the machinery, but of the spirit of living, to a new historical situation.

Stalin, leader of the world revolution. Believe it or not.

ALEXANDER WERTH

INNOCENCE WITHOUT EXPERIENCE

The Poems of Emily Dickinson. Edited by MARTHA DICKINSON and ALFRED LEETE HAMPSON. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Wretchedly edited, with doubtful readings of the text and no dates; parcelled under the headings "Life," "Nature," "Love," etc., any of which are interchangeable; introduced by an essay quoting newspaper puffs and ending with four of the worst lines ever written:

> Eternity will be
> Velocity or pause,
> Precisely as the candidate
> Preliminary was

—that is how the poems of Emily Dickinson, now greatly enlarged, reach us from America. Surely the time has come when adulation of this poet should cease? Her place at the beginning of every anthology of modern American verse is now as assured as that of Hopkins here; she is no longer a discovery; the amateur status, the atmosphere of the family circle, might reasonably be dropped. Yet Messrs. Cape, publishing the first complete edition in England, begin with the old tune: "It represents just over nine hundred of those 'dazzling communications' which made Emily Dickinson one of the greatest women poets of all time." One of the greatest women poets, perhaps; but not all her nine hundred communications dazzle:

> A nearness to Tremendousness
> An agony procures,
> Affliction ranges Boundlessness.
> Vicinity to laws
> Contentment's quiet suburb,—
> Affliction cannot stay
> In acre or location—
> It rents Immensity.

Eternity, her repeated theme; it is the blank mist in which, for me, too many of these verses are wrapped. Why such poetic failures as the above should be bundled into a "collected" volume as though they were precious fragments of Shelley, I can't see. They take up a lot of space, they bore the reader and make it difficult for him to be fair to the poet he is studying. A selected edition would satisfy most admirers, and it is the only form, in England at any rate, which would make any appeal to a larger public.

A hundred poems, with innumerable variations and attempts, represent her achievement as a poet—an achievement equal, perhaps, to Housman's, if one can balance two such different talents. In genius, in the possibility of surprising the future, Emily Dickinson's is the richer impulse; but it is largely wasted, for she uses a form as minute as his without his art. So far as I can gather (it is impossible to discover a chronological order from the present volume), her later poems show no advance over the early ones and the thought becomes woollier. Her best-known and one of her best poems suggests not so much Blake as Emily Brontë:

> I never saw a moor,
> I never saw the sea;
> Yet know I how the heather looks,
> And what a wave must be.
>
> I never spoke with God,
> Nor visited in Heaven;
> Yet certain am I of the spot
> As if the chart were given.

That might be taken as the text of her poetry. In itself it makes an admirable poem, but see the restriction it puts on the writer, who cannot go on forever divinely guessing, writing about the things she has never seen. The sea, for example, is a recurrent image throughout her work, and in nine passages out of ten its use is conventional; she knew beforehand "what a wave must be"; after looking at a wave she knew, one feels, less than she did before. Emily Dickinson is the poet of intimations, of innocence *without* experience. At best she could only be compared with a half-Blake. How monotonous I find her flowers, her bees and bobolinks, though often they are pretty enough; how empty her love poems—a love more guessed at than known or wanted. Even the visions of death and eternity, which came so to occupy her mind that the most homely scene would immediately embody them for her, seem the product of a curious musing, as though here, too, the point was that experience could be forestalled.

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HUTCHINSON

"Too many short cuts to eternity," one sighs as poem after poem of the nine hundred file past like fog-bound cars.

On this wondrous sea
Sailing silently
Knowest thou the shore
Ho! pilot, ho!
Where no breakers roar,
When the storm is o'er?

Quite half of Emily Dickinson's poems are part of the routine of private devotion and not intended for publication. Against them set others which are vivid, homely and exquisite:

. . . The man to die to-morrow
Detects the meadow bird,
Because its music stirs the axe
That clamours for his head. . . .

. . . There's a certain slant of light
On winter afternoons,
That oppresses, like the weight
Of cathedral tunes.
Heavenly hurt it gives us. . . .

I should like to see a critical edition of the poems, in which some order and some stringency of choice had been introduced. Meanwhile, with the present volume to face, most readers will prefer the anthology pieces and take the rest as read.

G. W. STONIER

ANTIQUARIAN PREJUDICE

Middlesex. By THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON HISTORICAL MONUMENTS, ENGLAND. *His Majesty's Stationery Office.* 25s.

If this heavy quarto were volume I of a survey of Middlesex, there would be no cause for complaint. General views are well photographed with a wide-angle lens in the antiquarian manner. Some details are beautiful, all are "interesting." Everything put up before 1714 is chronicled, indexed, photographed, drawn out in ground plan or written up in a thorough and unemotional manner.

We see Grim's Dyke struggling through Metroland; an elaborate Norman doorway at Harlington; a late sixteenth-century Communion Bible at Willesden; an earthwork at Enfield; screens at S. Mimms and Littleton; good seventeenth-century monuments in such unexpected parish churches as those at Hornsey, Acton and Hayes; good photographs of Forty Hall, Enfield; Boston House, Brentwood; Cromwell House, Highgate; Swakeley's, Ickenham and other old Middlesex mansions. We are surprised to learn of six pre-1714 buildings surviving at Wembley, not surprised to hear that no monuments are known at Wood Green.

Familiar things, such as Hampton Court (which takes up nearly a quarter of the book), Harefield's superb and un-restored church, Harmondsworth Tithe Barn and Harrow's Old School House are described once again.

Middlesex, as distinct from London, which was formed from it, turns out to have been a county of timber-framed cottages, flint, stone and rubble churches, and matchboarded barns, very like Essex. Brick was used almost universally by the end of the seventeenth century. Pre-1714 monuments, for those who want them, are naturally to be found on the borders farthest from London where still a few fields and barns are to be found between the reservoirs and building estates.

But this survey, so scholarly, goes nothing like far enough. The distinction of Middlesex of all counties depends on the numerous Georgian houses erected as country retreats by London merchants.

Why does the survey stop at 1714? I have tried to find some significance for the date. Queen Anne died, the Peace of Utrecht had been signed the year before, the South Sea Bubble had not yet burst. Why not 1814? or 1914? Why any date at all? Should not all buildings of merit have been included and rather fewer fragmentary moats and fifteenth-century fonts? Or did none of the commissioners feel himself capable of deciding what constituted architectural merit? The F.S.A.'s have it, as usual.

It is hard to treat a survey as complete which thus describes Syon House, containing Robert Adam's best interior work, "A large Tudor house, much altered in the eighteenth century, and incorporating an undercroft of the nunnery of Henry V." On a plan of Syon, the Adam part is marked as "modern and uncertain." Strawberry Hill interests the Commissioners because some original chamfered ceiling beams are exposed. The only part of Osterley recommended for preservation is the Elizabethan stables. Needless to add, four badly preserved earthworks, eleven churches (but not Little Stanmore with its early eighteenth-century painted walls, Handel's organ and the Chandos tomb, as these are a year and more later than 1714 and therefore "modern"), and several seventeenth-century houses are recommended as "specially worthy of preservation."

Town planning schemes, large Georgian and Regency houses in gardens, eighteenth- and nineteenth-century churches, the few surviving parks with their grottoes and temples, are considerations beneath the notice of the Royal Commissioners, or, as they would term it, "outside their scope."

This survey is not only absurdly inadequate, it is also definitely harmful. It has all the authority of His Majesty's Stationery Office, and the well-sounding names of the Royal Commissioners behind it; it is sold at so low a price that one can only conclude that the work has been subsidised: it is just the sort of book that will be used as a Bible. Arrogant and ignorant county councillors and avaricious builders will use it as an excuse for pulling down more and more worthy architecture: "Uxbridge Town Hall, Mr. Chairman, is not mentioned in the Historical Monuments Book. It has therefore no historical interest or architectural merit." "Very well, Mr. Tudor Beam, we will make an order for demolition."

The only possible good this book can do is to call forth a protest against its limitations. If there were enough indignation, there might be some chance of an appointment of a Royal Commission to report on the magnificent tradition of English building after 1714, before it all disappears.

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Elector : Well, it's about time they were taught that the twentieth century is not the Middle Ages.

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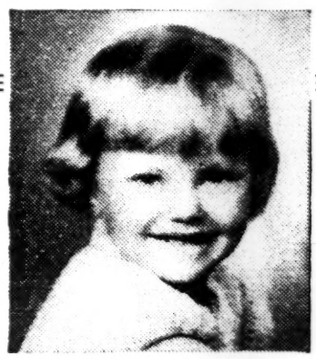

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these, the rational principle upon which to act is to alter the character of our society.

There is, of course, nothing especially new in this view. The merit of Mr. Rhodes' book is that he illustrates it by a large number of individual cases in which he shows that many of the important categories of crime are capable of being understood only as an expression of habits evoked by the mass-character of our civilisation. Sexual crime is largely the outcome of impulses fostered by the horror of slum-conditions. Organised incendiarism, like that of Harris, embezzlement and fraud on the grand scale, like that of Hatry and Kreuger, derive directly from the working of capitalism. The growth of juvenile delinquency is traceable to the uncertainty of the future which youth confronts in a distracted world. All this Mr. Rhodes discusses with point and pungency. He makes it clear that certain branches of crime are becoming in a real sense branches of big business, with all the characteristics, in their organisation, of normal enterprise. Quite rightly, he emphasises the fact that although the power of the police to deal with these difficulties grows, the cost involved to the taxpayer grows also in at least due proportion.

It is all very sensibly done, though it may be doubted whether its analysis goes deep enough to make it more than an elementary introduction to its subject. Mr. Rhodes might have made his book more arresting if he had shown how little the facts he discovered had penetrated into the consciousness either of the Bench or of the administrators responsible for the treatment of crime. If he had shown in detail why the rule in McNaughton's case is scientifically obsolete, or why the case against flogging seems final to most specialists in criminology, or how exactly the American "racketeers" are linked piece by piece to business, he would, I think, have helped the reader to see the implications of his argument far more adequately than is now the case. The real import of his book is, as he happily phrases it, that "punishments in which force is ousted by reason" are the only sensible punishments. Our penal system, as he rightly insists, perpetuates types of crime and types of criminal rooted in the type of society we maintain. The only real effort of modern times to cope with it is that of the Soviet Union; I wish Mr. Rhodes had given it more than a passing mention. For the essence of our problem goes down to the roots of the kind of civilisation we preserve. Until we confront that fact in all its immense consequences, we shall not be able seriously to grapple with the proportions of the problem.

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SHORTER NOTICES

Some War Diaries, Addresses and Correspondence of Field-Marshal The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Ypres. Edited by his son, MAJOR THE HON. GERALD FRENCH. *Jenkins.* 18*s.*

This is a curiously uncommunicative book. One would expect that the War Diaries and Correspondence of the late Earl of Ypres would lay the greatest stress on, and devote the most space to, the more critical of the events in which he played a leading part. After all, he was, for over a year, the Commander of the largest army that has ever left these shores and then of the troops in Great Britain during a time when air raids were a continual menace and the submarine nearly brought this country to its knees. He was Viceroy of Ireland in the period which terminated in the severance of the Irish Free State from the United Kingdom. Yet the weight of the desperate anxieties which each of these positions must from time to time have laid upon its holder is scarcely reflected in his diaries or correspondence; indeed, the more crucial events are rarely mentioned. No doubt the statement in the Introduction that the extracts from the Great War diaries do not include those which have appeared in two previous publications accounts for the more obvious gaps. The extracts given deal more with his impressions of personalities with whom he came into contact and of his subordinate officers. One notes an attitude of growing criticism of Smith-Dorrien parallel with one of increasing approval of Haig. The South African War diaries have greater detail and more easily followed sequence of events, and if the reader had no outside knowledge of either campaign he would obtain a much clearer impression of that one than of the Great War. It is interesting and tragic to note that 23 killed and 52 wounded are remarked on as being "Heavy Casualties" in an engagement in South Africa, whereas in the first three days of the Battle of Loos in 1915 our wounded alone amounted to 900 officers and 35,000 men. Similarly, air raid casualties bear a like proportion to those now reported from Spain and China—London casualties in a raid on the East End in 1917 were 97 killed and 434 injured. Practically the only glimpses one is given behind the scenes are in the letters, mainly to Lord Esher, written when General French was in command at Aldershot in 1904–1907. These, and some of the addresses, give a closer insight to his character than the diaries.

Experiments in Social Reconstruction. Edited by J. S. HOYLAND. *Allenson.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

It grows steadily clearer that the return of industrial prosperity, even a prosperity embracing the depressed staple industries, even a prosperity extending as far as the Special Areas, will not suffice to salvage the human wreckage of fifteen years of depression. Men whose special skill became obsolete ten years ago cannot return to industry without further ado as conditions improve, even were they themselves unaffected, physically and morally, by their long idleness. And they are not unaffected. There is still depression in the export trades. Localities, like industrial processes, have grown obsolete. Only now, at the peak of the boom, can we begin to reckon the slump's full cost in human wastage. This is wastage which has already occurred. No restoration of international sanity, no solution—whether capitalist or socialist—of the riddles of financial policy, can do much more than prevent its repetition. Some more direct rehabilitation is needed; and Mr. Hoyland has gathered together, in *Experiments in Social Reconstruction*, an account of the different means by which the problem is being attacked. Nursery schools to lift the handicap from the coming generation; clubs in the Rhondda to restore momentum to the stagnant life of the valley; housing societies to raise money—and public interest—for the regeneration of the Tyneside towns; women's centres, co-operative outcrop mining schemes, "homecrofting" and land settlement, the Upholland subsistence production scheme, and, on a different level, the educational experiment at Bryanston which has successfully substituted a social service corps, the Pioneers, for the O.T.C.—these form the subject-matter of Mr. Hoyland and his contributors. Many of these schemes are inspired by a genuine and direct religious idealism which earns for them a respect unaffected by their fearful inadequacy; but the general impression, if one reads with the unemployment statistics in the back of one's mind, is pitiful. One seems to see a tiny ambulance corps manned by a handful of devoted volunteers, short of every kind of equipment, trying to cope single-handed with the detritus of a score of modern battlefields.

Masters of French Literature. By HORATIO SMITH. *Scribners.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Smith, who is a professor of French at Columbia University, has collected into a single volume six essays, devoted respectively to Molière, Racine, Voltaire, Rousseau, Hugo and Balzac, with the object of offering the student, who cannot "orient himself," "a degree of

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initial guidance " in the history of French literature. Each essay contains a short and reliable biographical sketch and this is followed, in each case, by some general observations on the author's work; the book is rounded off with a rambling postscript on the lack of stability in modern literature. Professor Smith is a sound and instructive teacher and it is clear that he has tried to make his essays as bright and as unacademic as he can by adopting some of the tricks of American journalism, by using (and abusing) the historic present, and by slipping in casual allusions to Noel Coward, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Desire Under the Elms*, *Dinner at Eight*, and so on. The effect is certainly not dull, though it cannot claim to be either inspiring or particularly original. In short, Professor Smith has written a useful text-book for students who have begun to read French literature and who want further directions. Since it is improbable that anyone will need these directions who cannot understand enough French to be able to read the texts he discusses, Professor Smith really need not have troubled to explain, for example, that " Ecrasez l'Infâme " means " Crush the Abomination." It is possible, however, that, in translating his quotations and in providing in his bibliography the titles of English versions of his authors, he has in mind those who sit down to study French literature without understanding a word of the language.

We regret that in our review last week of *Robert Browning and Julia Wedgwood, A Broken Friendship as Revealed in Their Letters*, the publication was attributed to Cape, instead of to John Murray and Cape. Also in the Selected List of Forthcoming Books published on October 9th, the price of E. G. Boulenger's *World Natural History* (Batsford) was given as 21*s.* This will be published at 7*s.* 6*d.*

About Motoring

CARS FOR 1938

THE modern publicity men put up such a screeching, howling barrage of eulogy and panegyric at the opening of the Motor Show that it is difficult for the average user to form any sane and balanced impression of the wares on offer. He is deafened and bewildered, and his perplexities are apt to be enhanced by a day amidst the crush and glitter of Earls Court. Actually, the net value of the 1937 exhibition can be summed up in five brief paragraphs, each of which could be elaborated at length for the benefit of any user who chances to be specifically interested in its point.

1. There are no radical innovations.

2. The low-priced family car, and especially the 10 h.p. range, continues to undergo intensive development.

3. The large medium-priced family car, such as comes to mind when we think in terms of 20 h.p. and £300, is the secondary high point of the British industry.

4. There is great and ingenious concentration on comfort.

5. The industry has practically exhausted the possibilities of insuring safety, so far as the design and construction of cars is concerned; any further advance in safety is up to the road engineers and the Government.

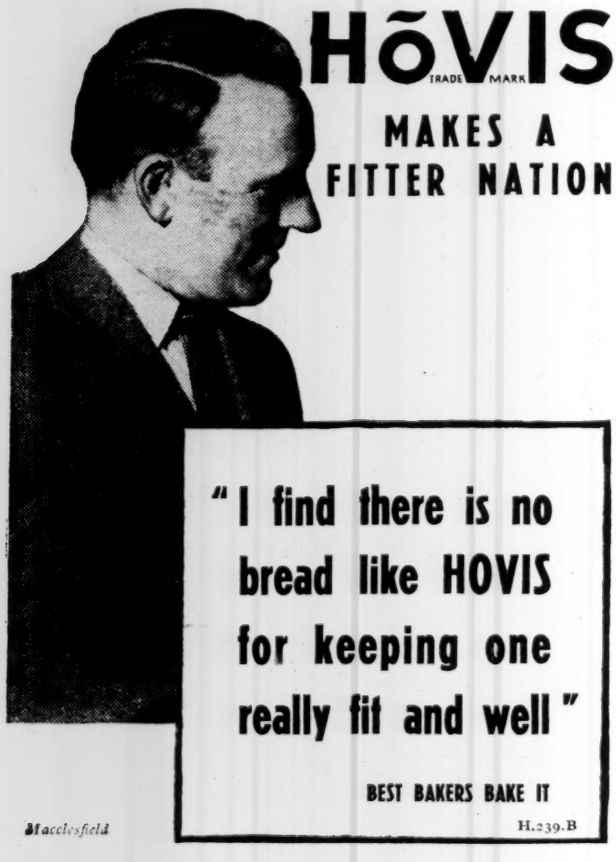
Each of these texts deserves a brief sermon. Independent springing of each wheel is the most substantial departure from custom introduced within recent years. It is widely applied to front wheels with excellent, though varying results, and experiment continues—witness the long torsion bars mounted within the side-members of the big Lagonda. This process has not reached its terminus so far as front wheels are concerned, and is slowly spreading to the rear wheels. It affects both safety and comfort, and is important.

Secondly, the trade is realising at long last that there is no essential connection between the dimensions of our purses and our persons. It endeavours to provide the poor man with a roomy car. Some of the 1938 10 h.p. cars look almost like charabancs compared with their forbears of two or three years ago. This inflation of the small cheap car is produced by gingering up small engines to haul more capacious bodies without sacrifice of performance; and by increasing passenger accommodation through pushing the engine forward in the frame, swelling out the body to overhang the rear mudguards and so on. It is all very cleverly done, and represents a genuine advance.

Thirdly, the tardy reduction in the taxation of horse power two or three years ago has borne excellent fruit. For years the impecunious American driver, favoured by low taxes and cheap " gas," has been able to own a 20 h.p. six-cylinder, which only mulcted him in the equivalent of about fifteen weeks' wages for a prosperous artisan. No such blessing is yet available here; but for round about £300 we can now purchase really superb cars rated between 16 and 25 h.p. They offer such comfort and performance that every year sees an increasing number of British owners ready to tolerate the heavier tax and fuel costs in order to enjoy comfortable motoring. Thanks to tariff and ocean freights these home-built cars are able to compete on level terms with their American rivals, which once had this field to themselves.

Fourthly, the standards of comfort give a perceptible leap every year, as the result of a very composite process of development. They include better suspension, with the elimination of pitching and bouncing, and the ability to travel faster over rough roads. Better upholstery, softer in texture, more accurately dimensioned, embodying correct heights and angles. Real adjustment of the driving position, with seats settable for height as well as distance from the wheel, flanked by telescopic steering columns. Separation of occupant from occupant, so that shoulders do not rub, elbows catch, or bodies collide through sway and roll on corners. Simpler entry and exit from low coachwork. The deflection of engine fumes from the passenger compartment. Improved ventilation without draughts. And a long catalogue of minor items.

Fifthly, in view of the notorious perils of the road the industry deserves the warmest congratulations on the manful part it is playing in the avoidance of accidents. The modern car is skid-proof on all reasonable surfaces; and should a skid be provoked either by idiotic driving or by official neglect of dangerous surfaces, the car will hardly ever overturn. Brakes stop the modern car extraordinarily quickly, and without causing it to swerve from its intended path; moreover, they wear excellently, and demand a minimum of attention and adjustment. Automatic or semi-automatic signals enable a driver to acquaint surrounding traffic of his intentions without distracting him from his primary duty of control. Easy gear changing coupled with a live engine endows the driver with great mobility and flexibility in relation to other traffic, so that his ability to solve traffic emergencies improves every year. In fact, perhaps only two " safety " points demand further attention from the trade. It is conceivable, judging by certain American data, that adhesion between tyre and road can be further improved, so that the slight remaining tendency to skid can be reduced, and braking efficiencies still further increased.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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

A Lecture on "LA CLAUSE OR DANS LES EMPRUNTS PUBLICS D'ETAT," will be given (in French) by PROFESSOR GASTON JÈZE, Professor of Public Law and Finances in the University of Paris, at THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS (Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2), on WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27th, at 5 p.m.

HEATH CLARK LECTURES. A Course of five Lectures on "THE NATURAL HISTORY OF POPULATION," will be given by PROFESSOR RAYMOND PEARL, Sc.D., LL.D., Litt.D., Professor of Biology in the Johns Hopkins University School of Hygiene and Public Health, at THE LONDON SCHOOL OF HYGIENE AND TROPICAL MEDICINE (Keppel Street, Gower Street, W.C.1), on OCTOBER 27th and 28th and NOVEMBER 1st, 3rd and 4th, at 5.30 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by Professor W. W. Jameson, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P., Dean of the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. Lantern illustrations.

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

A Lecture on "THE NEW POSITIVISM IN INTERNATIONAL LAW," will be given by LUDWIK EHRLICH, D.Litt., D.Jur., Professor of International Law in the John Casimir University, Lwów, Poland, at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1), on WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3rd, at 5.30 p.m.

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"TOULOUSE AND SANTIAGO" *and* "PALERMO AND SICILIAN ROMANESQUE," by MR. A. W. CLAPHAM, two lectures, Oct. 26th and 29th, at 5.30 p.m.

"ROMANESQUE CAPITALS," "ENGLISH ALABASTER SCULPTURE" *and* "MISERICORDS," by MR. A. GARDNER, three lectures, Nov. 2nd, 5th and 8th, at 5.30 p.m.

All lectures will be illustrated by lantern slides.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

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SUNDAY, OCT. 31st:
11 a.m. SIR NORMAN ANGELL on "Can the League be Revived?"
5 p.m. MAX PLOWMAN on "The Case for Non-Violent Resistance."
8 p.m. C. E. M. JOAD on "Must It be Angell or Plowman?"

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KENSINGTON Town Hall, Monday, October 25th, 8.15 p.m. LORD ALLEN OF HURTWOOD: "HOW TO REBUILD THE PEACE OF EUROPE." Admission free. A few reserved seats at 2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.* from MRS. DEARMER, 16 Hereford Square, W.8.

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DR. HAR DAYAL, M.A., Ph.D., will speak next Friday, at 8.15 p.m., at Caxton Hall, on "SUPERSTITIONS, OLD AND NEW." Free.

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17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch.
PUBLIC MEETING. 8 p.m.
Wednesday, October 27th.
THE BASIS FOR WORLD UNION.
Questions invited. Free.

F.P.S.I. A Symposium on Law Reform. Speakers: RONALD KIDD on "What is Wrong with the Police and the Judiciary?"; "SOLICITOR" on "Reform of the Magistracy"; ALEC CRAIG on "Obscene Literature"; JULIUS LEWIN on "Reform of the Abortion Law." Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, on Wednesday, Oct. 27th, 8 p.m. Tickets: Members 6*d.*, non-members 1*s.*, from Secretary, F.P.S.I., 4 Fitzroy Street, W.1.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, October 24th, at 11 a.m.: S. K. RATCLIFFE: "SOME IMPRESSIONS OF CENTRAL EUROPE." Admission free. Visitors welcome.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, October 24th, at 11, THE REV. DOROTHEA BELFIELD: "WOMEN IN THE MINISTRY OF THE CHURCHES." 6.30, MR. F. GRAY: "PRISON OR TREATMENT?"

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If that is not certain, it is very sure that all-round visibility leaves much to be desired under many conditions. One car has a curved all-glass windscreen, devoid of pillaring. This innovation is illusive; the pillars offer no real obstruction to visibility, and their survival is immaterial. But every motorist needs front glazing which is scoured clean over its whole surface, both inside and out; inside by heating, which averts condensation, outside by mechanical means. One or two cars direct a current of warm air against the inner side of the windscreen, but none caters for the wiping of its entire exterior surface. No designer attempts to keep the fore side windows clean either inside or out; yet under many traffic conditions quick and perfect visibility through both fore side windows is just as essential as a clear view ahead—indeed more so, since the driver can only afford a quick glance sideways with the tail of his eye. That these problems remain untackled is a tribute to their difficulty. Steel bodies effect something to protect the occupants from serious injury in the event of a crash, though nothing has been done to prevent the driver from being semi-disembowelled by his steering wheel in a head-on collision. Modern lamps make a very definite contribution to safety at night. Side lamps are reduced in size and power till they lose all dazzle effect. On all but the very cheapest cars the head lamps in their full-power position furnish adequate driving light for motoring speeds on clear nights. Fog lamps are almost futile in heavy mist, but moderately effective in light or patchy fog. When the head lamps are switched to their non-dazzle position, they supply enough light for reasonable speeds. Four or five years ago the head lamps on British cars sold at prices under £400 were mostly as weak as those fitted to many imported cars at that date, and failed to light the road properly even in their full-power position, whilst when dimmed they created a public danger. To-day nearly all the lamp systems are really good.

It is hardly necessary to write of the innumerable minor conveniences, such as jacking systems, luggage accommodation, and the like. But it is fair to conclude with a tribute to the efficiency of engine-starting systems. A weak woman can store a biggish car in a cold garage in mid-winter, and feel quite sure that it will start up without trouble every morning, and that its radiator will not freeze.

R. E. DAVIDSON

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Week-end Competitions

No. 397

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a guinea) for the best seven rules of life to help one of the following: a blackmailer, a puppy, a poet, a debutante, an undertaker, a Member of Parliament. Contributions should not exceed 250 words of prose or 24 lines of verse.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, October 29.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 395

Set by G. R. Strauss

"Un Français—un être intelligent; deus Français—une altercation violente; trois Français—un menage. One Scotsman—a doctor; two Scotsmen—a Savings Bank; three Scotsmen—the British Empire."

This old method of maliciously summarising national characteristics can well be extended to groups within a nation. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) will be offered to competitors who most aptly apply this device (in English) to the British adherents of any five of the following creeds, professions or positions:

Lawyers, Journalists, Doctors, Policemen, Clergymen, Liberals, Communists, Fascists, Schoolmasters, Commercial Travellers, Nudists, Boy Scouts, Golfers, NEW STATESMAN readers.

Report by G. R. Strauss

I had expected to spend a week-end chortling over the wit and malice of NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers. Frankly, I was disappointed. I found plenty of malice, but little wit. Perhaps the competition is rather harder than appears at first sight. There was an endless repetition of the same ideas. For example, almost every competitor said that three Fascists made a Parade, and that three Doctors made a Corpse, a Funeral or an Inquest. Dr. Cronin's influence in this latter section was very marked.

While competitors spread their venom pretty evenly over the given field, they reserved their bitterest spleen for Lawyers. Liberals, they feel, are more to be pitied than reviled, while the worst that can be said about Nudists is that they are fit subjects for psycho-analysis.

I like the quite popular suggestion that when two or three Schoolmasters or Clergymen are gathered together, a Walking Tour or a Swiss village in August is indicated. Some quite common ideas puzzle me. Why should three Commercial Travellers bring to mind a *Temperance* Hotel? Even more startling was the proposal, put forward by several entrants, that two NEW STATESMAN readers make a Love Match. A description of the mental processes that brought forth this strange result might almost form the subject for another competition.

Some competitors, after getting in a specially hard smack against Golfers, Lawyers, or some other category, added a footnote hoping that I was not one myself. I assure them that my judgment has been unaffected either by personal insult or by subsequent apology. But my decision must be a severe one. No entrant justifies the award of the first prize. After much hesitation, I award the Second Prize to "Little Billee," who, in a slow race, comes in a short head in front of "W. R. Y." and John Saunders. Louis Bennett, who might have been in the running, is disqualified for using two of the examples in his entry.

Quite a few managed to ring the bell quite hard once and once only. Here are some of the brightest.

One Liberal	Me.
Two Liberals	An unending conversation.
Three Liberals ..	What a hope!—(Snow.)
One Communist ..	Great Expectations.
Two Communists ..	The Importance of Being Earnest.
Three Communists ..	The Ballad of Reading Gaol. (M. Hannam.)
One Communist ..	A Moscow Hireling.
Two Communists ..	A Left Book Club.
Three Communists ..	A hideous menace to our traditional freedom and ideals, who, if not destroyed, will bring ruin to the civilisation of the world and the well-being of the British Empire. (Louis Bennett.)

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. Housemaster. Wed., Sat.

AMBASSADORS. Yes and No. Fri., Oct. 29.

CAMBRIDGE. The First Legion. Thurs., Sat.

COLISEUM. St. Moritz. Daily, 2.30.

COMEDY. The Last Straw. Tues., Fri.

DRURY LANE. Crest of the Wave. Wed., Sat.

DUCHESS. Time and the Conways. W. & S.

DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Sat.

GARRICK. Sarah Simple. Mon., Thurs.

GLOBE. "Blondie White." Wed. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. "Hide and Seek." Th. & S.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed. & Thurs.

NEW. Bonnet Over the Windmill. W., S.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

QUEENS. Richard II. Wed. & Sat.

ROYALTY. I Have Been Here Before. Th., S.

ST. JAMES'S. Old Music. Wed., Thurs.

STRAND. A Spot of Bother. Th. & Sat. next.

VAUDEVILLE. Punch and Judy. Tu. & Sat. nxt.

VICT. PAL. Busman's Honeymoon. W., S.

WESTMINSTER. Wed. & Sat.
Anything But the Truth.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Over 395 Perfs. Tem. 6404.
8.30. Mats. WED. and SAT., at 2.30.
HOUSEMASTER
A Farcical Comedy by IAN HAY.

AMBASSADORS. Tem. Bar 1171.
Tues., 8.15 (subs. 8.30). 1st. Mat., Fri., Oct. 29, 2.30.
YES AND KNOW
by Kenneth Horne.

CAMBRIDGE. (Tem. 6056.) 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30.
THE FIRST LEGION
C. V. France. Franklin Dyall. Colin Keith-Johnston.
THE FIRST LEGION

COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161 (7 lines).
2.30 and 8.15 DAILY
ST. MORITZ
A NOVEL REAL ICE MUSICAL SPECTACLE.

COMEDY. Whi. 2578. Evgs., 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.
THE LAST STRAW
by Edward Percy and Reginald Denham.
LUCIE MANNHEIM. MARIUS GORING.

DRURY LANE. 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
IVOR NOVELLO, DOROTHY DICKSON,
MARIE LOHR in
CREST OF THE WAVE.

DUCHESS, Catherine Street. W.C.2 (Tem. 8243).
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON in J. B. Priestley's
TIME AND THE CONWAYS

DUKE OF YORK'S. Temple Bar 5211.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. and Sat., 2.30.
MARGARET RAWLINGS in
BLACK LIMELIGHT

GARRICK. (Tem. 4601.) 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.
"A. A MILNE'S SPARKLING COMEDY."
SARAH SIMPLE
LEONORA CORBETT, A. R. WHATMORE, VIOLA LYEL.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
BASIL SYDNEY in
"BLONDIE WHITE"
By Bernard Merrivale and Jeffrey Dell.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. Evgs., 8.15.
Mats., Thurs. and Sats., at 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES and CICELY COURTNEIDGE
in **"HIDE AND SEEK."**

HIS MAJESTY'S. (Whi. 6606.) EVGS., 8.15.
BALALAIKA A Musical Play.
Mats., WEDNESDAYS & SATURDAYS, 2.30.

LYRIC. (Gerrard 3686.)
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
VICTORIA REGINA
by LAURENCE HOUSMAN

NEW. Tem. 3878. EVGS., 8.15 sharp.
MATS., WEDS. and SATS., at 2.30 sharp.
BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL.
By DODIE SMITH.

PLAYHOUSE. Over 635 Perfs. Whi. 7774.
Evgs., 8.30 (ex. Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., at 2.30.
NANCY PRICE in
WHITEOAKS

QUEENS. (Ger. 4517.) 8.15 sharp. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
JOHN GIELGUD in
RICHARD II.
by William Shakespeare.

ROYALTY. (Ger. 7331.) 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.
Wilfrid Lawson. Patricia Hilliard. Lewis Casson.

ST. JAMES'S. Whi. 3903.
Evgs., 8.30 sharp. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
OLD MUSIC
by KEITH WINTER.

STRAND. Tem. 2660. 8.30. Th. & Sat. next, 2.30.
ROBERTSON HARE. ALFRED DRAYTON in
"A SPOT OF BOTHER"
A New Farce by VERNON SYLVAINE.

VAUDEVILLE. Tem. Bar 4871 & 7400.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Sat. next, 2.30.
PUNCH AND JUDY
A Comedy by VAL GIELGUD.

VICTORIA PALACE. (Vic. 1317.) 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
BASIL FOSTER in
BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.
The Famous Lord Peter Wimsey Detective Comedy.

WESTMINSTER. 6/-, 2/6. 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
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WYNDHAM'S. Tem. 3028, 3029.
EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & SATS., at 2.30.
"GEORGE and MARGARET."
COMEDY by GERALD SAVORY.

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Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat. 2.30 p.m.
THE VENETIAN
by CLIFFORD BAX.

HULL. Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5 p.m.
YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER
by MARK REED (English adaptation by Rodney Ackland).

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VICEROY SARAH
by NORMAN GINSBURY.

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For the benefit of the Morley College Professional Orchestra.
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One Fascist	A Blackshirt.
Two Fascists	A Black Eye.
Three Fascists ..	A Black Maria.—(John Saunders.)
One Schoolmaster ..	The Critic.
Two Schoolmasters ..	The Rivals.
Three Schoolmasters..	The School for Scandal.—(W. R. Y.)
One Journalist ..	A "Reliable Authority."
Two Journalists ..	"A Consensus of Opinion."
Three Journalists ..	"The Whole Civilised World." (Redling.)
One Nudist	Lack of Inhibition.
Two Nudists	Sordid Exhibition.
Three Nudists ..	Time for Prohibition—(Louis Bennett.)

SECOND PRIZE

One Lawyer	"Your Worship."
Two Lawyers ..	"My Lord."
Three Lawyers ..	My God!
One Doctor	An Opinion.
Two Doctors	A Difference of Opinion.
Three Doctors ..	A Complication.
One Clergyman ..	Ordination.
Two Clergymen ..	Co-ordination.
Three Clergymen ..	Or Donation.
One Schoolmaster ..	A Stick.
Two Schoolmasters ..	A Stickiness.
Three Schoolmasters..	A Staff.
One Nudist	A Bare Fact.
Two Nudists	A Trial (both parties non-suited).
Three Nudists ..	A Weariness of the Flesh.

"LITTLE BILLEE"

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 251.—THE CHARABANC OUTING

"I've just got back," said Chimpface to me on the occasion of the Gorillas' annual outing.

"Good show?"

"Very."

"Where have you been?"

"From here to Apelands Castle, stopping for refreshments at Bananatown; from Apelands Castle to Darwin's Lodge; from Darwin's Lodge to the Cokernut; thence home. What marvellous roads they're constructing around here! We've travelled—let me see—along four of them, and every one of them is perfectly straight."

"What was the total distance covered?"

"I've no idea," answered Chimpface. "But over 120 miles, I should think."

"No," said I, making some rapid calculations. "Not so much as that. Let me see. It's forty-four miles from here to Apelands Castle; Bananatown is midway between the two. From here to the Cokernut is twice as far as from Darwin's Lodge to the Jubilee. And that, I know, is an exact number of miles."

"The Jubilee?" said Chimpface. "Where's the Jubilee?"

"The Jubilee is half-way, as the crow flies, between Apelands Castle and the Cokernut; by the way, that's an exact number of miles too. And also, of course, it's an exact number of miles from Apelands Castle to Darwin's Lodge and from Darwin's Lodge to the Cokernut."

"Well, I don't see," said Chimpface, "that we can deduce anything from all that."

"No," said I. "You want one more datum—yes; one, I think, will be enough. It's exactly twenty-four miles, in a straight line, from the Cokernut to Bananatown."

What was the total distance which Chimpface had covered?

PROBLEM 249.—ELECTING THE CHAIRMAN

Another week is permitted to competitors.

PROBLEM 248.—A MESSAGE FROM MOSCOW

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: R. B. Parker, Kent Cottage, Seal Hollow Road, Sevenoaks.

Four points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

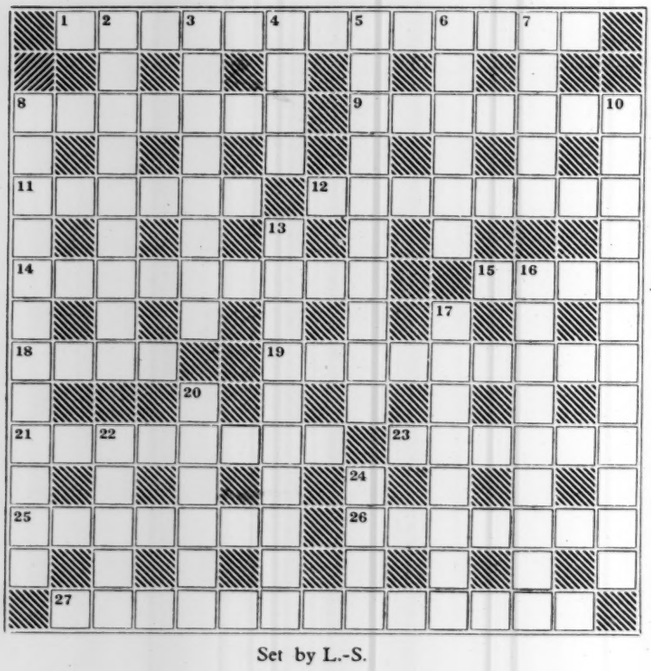
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 398

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Miss Etherington Smith, Hawkshead Hill, Ambleside, Westmorland.

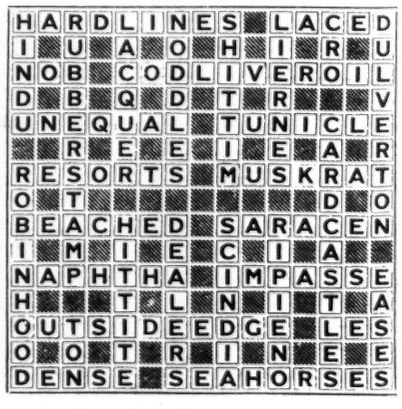
ACROSS

1. Suggests that the players may have to swim for it to reach their goal. (13)
8. Cared about me in a sort of way. (7)
9 (rev.). Is this where to look out for that ton of bricks? (7)
11. My set's in order. (6).
12. They make sport of our earthly ups and downs. (8)
14. Such a contest could presumably not be close. (9)
15. I cross at it on the way back. (4)
18. Describes one who is dead to the world. (4)
19. Planking down and up as the States-man might say. (9)
21. Put it over us like glass. (8)
23. Stanley goes to church. (6)
25 (rev.). You might expect to be in such a state when tight. (7)
26. Put into irregular rime. (7)
27. The corresponding people. (13)

DOWN

2. Had a nap during a spell of bowling? (9)
3. How the Sword of Justice should be mercifully treated. (8)
4. Said to be reformed. (4)
5. Literally describes the small f. (10)
6. The piece-worker is never so punctual. (6)
7. French stuff for the eldest son. (5)
8. Funeral expenses are not of course included in this. (12)
10. Fishy description of a swindler sunbathing. (12)
13. Unsuccessful lubricant for a literary watch. (10)
16. He's got a lien on a hill. (9)
17. The kitchen fire no doubt produces this rash. (8)
20. Gets junketed about by the cook. (6)
22. Nonsensical food. (5)
24. Goes out to sea without leaving land (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD


HARDLINES LACED
I U A O H I R U
NOB COD LIVER OIL
D B Q D T R V
UNEQUAL TUNICLE
R E E I E A R
RESORTS MUSKRAT
O T D O
BEACHED SARACEN
I M I E C I A
NAPHTHA IMPASSE
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COMFORTABLE dble bedroom, h. & c. water. Personal attention. Golf links. 33 Julian Rd., Folkestone.

FREE morning tea in large 1st floor bed-sitting room Comfy chairs, divan, many shelves. 30s. p.w. 5 mins. Russell Square. Apply 7 or 8 Mecklenburgh Street, W.C.1.

TO LET, near Marble Arch. Cheerful, sunny bed-sitting room. 30s. weekly. PAD. 4101.

TO LET, furnished, small house old Hampstead, close Heath; 4 rooms, kitchen, bath. 5 *gns.* HAM 5566. 4 Holly Bush Hill.

ONE large flatlet vacant in charming house, W.1; 26th inst. Terms include breakfast. No agents. WEL. 9694.

LADY requires 1 or 2 unfurnished rooms with some attendance. Near 623 Trolley route. Box 162, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WANTED immediately, furnished flat, two bedrooms, N.W., W., or S.W. London, easy access West End; moderate rent. Apply GREEN, 66 Strand-on-the-Green, W.4, or Willesden 7777 during day.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

THE UNIVERSITY OF LIVERPOOL

Appointment of Librarian.

The Council invites applications for the post of University Librarian.

Candidates should send to the Registrar, not later than November 20th, 1937, short accounts of their work and career, stating their academic attainments and Library experience, together with the names of two persons of recognised standing to whom reference may be made. No testimonials should be sent.

The books and other collections of the University Library are soon to be transferred to a new building (the Cohen Library), which will be opened in 1938. For this and other reasons it is important that the Librarian to be appointed should take up his duties at an early date, and, if possible, not later than March 31st, 1938.

The Librarian has a seat on the Senate of the University.

The stipend offered is £900 per annum. Candidates will be required to comply with the conditions of the Federated Superannuation Scheme for Universities.

Further information may be obtained from the Registrar.

Women are eligible for any office in the University.

The Council reserves the right to consider the claims of candidates other than those who may submit their names in reply to this advertisement.

STANLEY DUMBELL,
October, 1937. Registrar.

LYTHAM SCHOOLS FOUNDATION

KING EDWARD VII SCHOOL, LYTHAM, LANCASHIRE

The Governors invite APPLICATIONS for the POSITION of Headmaster of King Edward VII School for boys, which has become vacant in consequence of the death of the late Headmaster.

The School, which dates from 1908, is administered under a Scheme of the Board of Education of 1929, and admits day pupils only: the present number being 252.

Applicants must possess a degree of a British University and must have good experience.

The commencing salary will be £800 rising by annual increments to £1,000. Previous experience as a Headmaster may be taken into account. There is a residence for the Headmaster adjoining the School Buildings which, with the emoluments, is valued at £200 per annum.

The successful candidate will be required to take up his duties as soon as possible.

Further particulars and form of application may be obtained from the undersigned, to whom applications must be sent accompanied by 25 copies of three recent Testimonials and in addition the names of two referees, not later than Friday, November 19th, 1937.

WILSON, WRIGHT, EARLE & CO.,
Clerks to the Governors,
6 Chapel Street, Preston.

ASSISTANT wanted to serve in important book shop in a large (though dreary) provincial town during the Christmas Season. Permanent appointment possible if the applicant had a deep interest in modern literature, probable if the interest extended also to modern intellectual, artistic and political life. Box 154, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

PART-TIME Organising Secretary required for a Spanish Relief Committee in Central London. Some organising experience essential and thorough knowledge of office routine desirable. Modest salary. Box 163, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WOMAN, with comfortable country house, rather isolated, seeks someone about 30 years, well educated, with imagination and progressive ideas, to help with boy 7 and girl 3. Box 158, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SECRETARY Shorthand-typist, well travelled, with excellent knowledge German and good French, requires position. Eight years' experience. German shorthand. Write Box 156, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

MEDICAL.—Pathology and Dispensing (Hall qualification). Keen young woman laboratory assistant; small remuneration. Box 143, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

OXFORD Graduate, Spanish and French, requires part-time job, literary or otherwise. Shorthand-typing. Box 155, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WOMAN (39) wants secretarial or stenographic job. Varied English, Canadian and American experience. Box 157, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London W.C.1.

YOUNG Lady, determined on journalistic career, seeks opening London area. Good sh.-typ. speeds, fluent style. Matriculated; German and French. Box 15, c/o 487 Finchley Road, N.W.3.

YOUNG CAMBRIDGE GRADUATE (Honours), interested in political and social questions, requires post; fluent German and French, much experience of foreign travel; library training, typing. Write Box 164, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

INTELLIGENT experienced young lady seeks secretarial post, London. Good qualifications and speeds. Box 159, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London W.C.1.

CHARGES FOR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

DETAILS of rates for single or a series of insertions will be found on page 661 of this issue.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

WALL STREET—FRANCS—BRITISH EQUITIES

PANIC and pandemonium took hold of Wall Street this week, and nothing like the avalanche of selling on Monday and Tuesday has been seen since the crash of 1929. The turnover on Monday was 3,230,000 shares, and on Tuesday 7,290,000. The selling climax was apparently reached half-way through Tuesday's session, for about midday a group of investment trusts began to buy, and before the close of business losses had in most cases been recovered. In fact the Dow Jones industrial index finished at 126.85 with a net gain of 1.12 points. At the lowest level of the day the index had touched 118.84, a fall of 39 per cent. from the March "high" of 194.40. The sensational falls suffered by some of the leading American stocks up to Tuesday are brought out in the following table:

	1937 High.	Low Oct. 19.	% Fall.	Price Oct. 20.	Est. Divs. $ per share.	Div. Yield %.
American Smelting ...	105¾	46	56.5	51	6	11.76
Bethlehem Steel	105¾	41¼	60.9	48½	5	10.36
Chrysler	135¼	53	60.8	61	10	16.39
Commercial Credit... ...	69¼	38	45.1	39	5	12.82
General Motors	70½	31½	55.3	37¼	3.50	9.27
Montgomery Ward... ...	69	30½	55.8	35½	4	11.2
New York Central	55¼	15½	72.6	18¾	1	5.4!
Southern Pacific	63¾	18¾	70.4	19¼	Nil	Nil
Standard Oil New Jersey ...	76	44	42.1	48¾	2.50	5.13
U.S. Steel	126¼	54¼	57.2	62	2.50	4.03

Falls ranging from 40 per cent. to 70 per cent. must bring ruin to many speculators who bought their stocks on borrowed money. There is no doubt that this week's selling was forced by the struggle for liquidity on the part of embarrassed bulls. For example, a sale of 30,000 Nash Kelvinator was reported on Tuesday at $5, although the previous close was $10½. After this forced sale the stock closed at $9⅜. The present prices do not, therefore, represent the investor's real judgment of future industrial earnings, and on Wednesday a rally continued. But can any opinion yet be formed of the probable extent of the American trade setback?

* * *

This question can only be answered when the American Government has disclosed its hand. Will it take measures to revive the capital goods industries? If the railroads are given an increase in their goods rates it is possible that railway re-equipment can go ahead. If the Administration makes peace with the utility industries it is obvious that the utility companies can embark on large capital expenditures. But it is difficult to see how the housing industry can go forward without a drastic reduction in costs or, indeed, how any great investment can be undertaken by private industry without a return of confidence in Mr. Roosevelt's policies. Obviously, the Government will have considerable difficulty in preventing a major depression from developing, especially if the stock market slump upsets the sales programme of the automobile companies and leads to cancellation of steel orders. Because the American recovery has so far been a "consumer goods" recovery (with the limited amount of real investment that entails) the automobile industry occupies a key position and it is idle to suppose that it will not be affected by a slump in security values. President Roosevelt may not like to admit that he is interested in the health of Wall Street, but he is—and his next move is awaited with some anxiety.

* * *

The final results of the French Cantonal elections, with their clear indication of continued support in the country for the Centre (or rather, Left-Centre) elements in the Front Populaire, have had a favourable effect on the franc exchange. By mid-week the spot rate had appreciated to 146½, and the three months forward discount had narrowed to under 4 francs. The recovery was due in part to bear closing, but there was evidence also of a homeward trickle of funds from London and, still more, New York. Institutional "funk money" is not yet being repatriated to any extent, but small rentiers appear to be turning pounds and dollars back into francs, and sales of securities held by individual French investors have probably contributed a little during the past fortnight to the Wall Street slump. If repatriation of foreign balances continues, it may be possible for France to repay next month the London credit of £40,000,000 which then falls due. Provided it does not go to such lengths as to create a world trade depression, the present decline in commodity, and notably metal, prices is a bull point for the French balance of merchandise trade. On the other hand, the salary increases conceded to Civil Servants do not improve the Budget outlook, and bank notes in circulation have increased by over 4 milliards, and the Bank of France's advances to the State by nearly 12 milliards. There are the makings here of a latent inflation whose possible reactions on French prices are such as to give pause to the holders of balances abroad.

* * *

The Stock Exchange this year has been less inclined than usual to hail the Motor Show as an occasion for marking up automobile manufacturers' shares. The fact that the three leading investments in the mass-production field—Austin, Morris and Standard—are now priced to give dividend yields of over 6 per cent. suggests that doubts are entertained as to the industry's ability to maintain recent rates of earnings. So far as costs of production are concerned, the present downward movement of non-ferrous metal and other commodity prices supports the conclusion that, notwithstanding a 40 per cent. rise in steel, the 5–7½ per cent. increases recently announced in the selling prices of most 1938 models should be sufficient to preserve profits per unit of production, particularly since there has been a tendency this year to repeat last year's models with little change. The real question is whether the price advances will encounter consumer-resistance—particularly in the form of greater reluctance to exchange a used but still serviceable car for a new model—and whether demand may not be approaching saturation point, at least so far as "new" car-purchasers are concerned. So far, the industry's progress is impressive. In the twelve months to September 30th, registrations of new cars, at 330,000, showed an increase of 10 per cent. on 1935–36; and the number of cars in use last summer was estimated at over 1,800,000, or 300,000 more than those on the roads two years ago. Having regard to the fact that there are probably not much more than 2,000,000 persons in the country with incomes of £6 a week, the margin between existing numbers of cars and saturation point cannot be great, making due allowance for the two-car household and the fact that families of ten contain more than one salary-earner. It looks as though the motor industry's future output will be determined predominantly by replacement demand, which is bound to reflect strongly even minor changes in mass purchasing-power. If, as seems probable, Britain has reached the peak of a trade cycle, motor shares do not seem undervalued to-day on the basis of 1938 prospects.

* * *

While few investors are anxious to put new money into British industrial equity shares at the present time, in view of the uncertain trade prospect, there is an increasing hunt for advantageous "switches." There is always the risk in making these equity "switches" that the broker gains more than the client, but I am impressed by the fact that some groups of industrial shares (e.g., breweries) have not fallen greatly in the present slump, while others (e.g., cements) have fallen to prices which appear to over-discount the probable trade reaction in this country. Indeed as the cement industry is likely to benefit most from any new scheme of public works designed to combat the next slump, I would regard dividend yields of 5½ per cent. to 6 per cent. on first-class cement shares as attractive:

	High 1937.	Present Price.	Dividend, %	Div. Yield, %
Associated Portland £1 ..	5½	4 5/16	22½	£5 4 3
British Portland £1 ..	105/7½	83/9	22½	£5 6 0
Tunnel Portland B 10/- ..	60/4½	41/3	25	£6 0 0

Another group of industrial equities which is possibly undervalued is the privileged armament section. Regardless of other industrial developments the outlook for armament shares for the next four or five years appears horribly assured. Here is my choice in this industry if I am asked, as a realistic investor, to make a recommendation:

	Price.	Last Dividend.	Est. Divd.	Approx. Yield allowing Stamp.
5,000 John Brown (10/-) ..	33/6	15% t.f.	15% t.f.	£5 18 0
1,000 Hadfields (10/-) ..	34/-	13¾% (plus special bonus of 10%).	20%	£5 16 0
500 Bristol Aeroplane (10/-)	47/6	22½%	25%	£5 4 0

Before making industrial equity "switches" the investor must feel fairly certain that not only is his income yield likely to be improved but his prospects of capital recovery enhanced without undue loss of security. It is not easy.

Company Meeting.

GAUMONT-BRITISH PICTURE CORPORATION.

MR. ISIDORE OSTRER'S ADDRESS.

The annual general meeting of the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation Limited was held on Friday, October 15th, in London.

Mr. Isidore Ostrer (the chairman) said (in part) that the profits derived from earnings of directly-owned theatres and the income received from their theatre-owning subsidiary and allied companies amounted to £561,702, a reduction of £153,812 as compared with last year, due to reduced earnings of their film printing laboratory and to the absence of income from their film production and distribution departments.

The losses on production and distribution could be attributed to the fact that America had made no real contribution to the cost of any of the company's films. They had therefore decided to cease production at Shepherd's Bush and consolidate their position.

They had entered into an agreement with General Film Distributors Limited providing for the distribution of their films. They were provided with a large guarantee in respect of a number, and on the released films they had already received back the full amount at which those films had been taken into their books at 31st March last.

They had provided in the accounts for a net loss of £566,809, a figure arrived at after taking into account the special reserve created last year of £200,000. A considerable part of that loss would normally have fallen into the next financial year ending 31st March, 1938, but they had taken the course of dealing with the whole loss in the accounts of the year under review. Film Productions in progress and Expenditure carried forward in respect of future productions was £77,962, which showed a reduction on last year of £443, 295.

The chairman then explained the terms of the agreement with General Film Distributors Ltd., and continuing said :

The profit for the year amounted to £561,702 and after various appropriations had been made there was a total of unappropriated profit of £163, 484. To that had been added by transfer from reserve £435,278, making £598,762, of which £566,809 had been required to meet the balance of the production and distribution losses. For the current year he had every reason to believe that their profits would be considerably higher than the profit of £561,702 for the year under review.

The report was adopted by a large majority on a show of hands after an amendment had been heavily defeated.

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